

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC

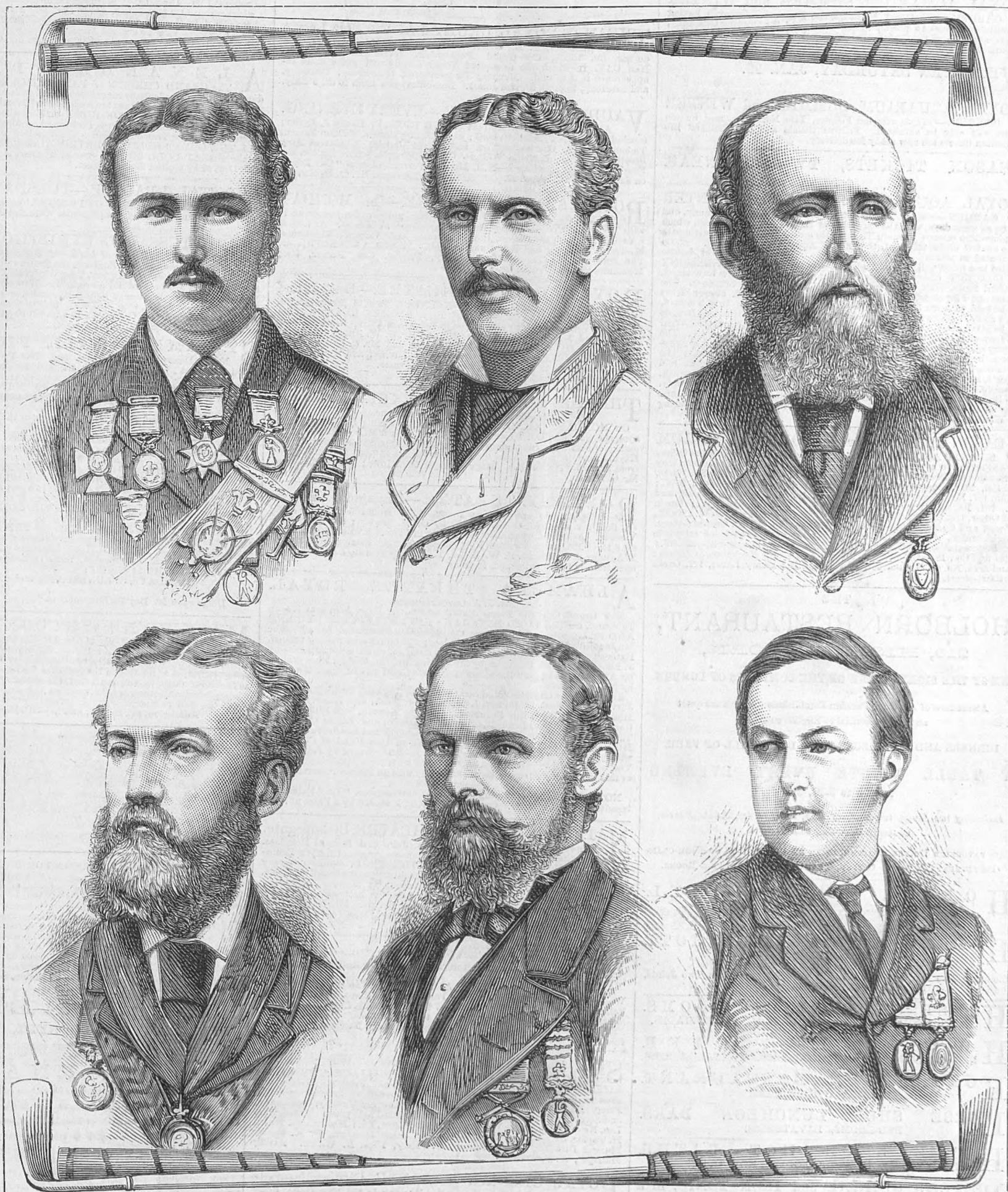


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SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1876.

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BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—Now on View. SEA-LIONS, the only specimens ever brought to this country; Gigantic Turtle, from the Island of Ascension; large Octopuses, English Sharks, Sea-Horses, Boar-Fish, Herring, Mackerel, Sterlet, from Russia; Telescope and Paradise Fish, from China; Red Char and Silver Char, Trout, Salmon, &c. G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

ROYAL AQUARIUM SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh having graciously consented to preside on the occasion of the Opening Ceremony, and having honoured the Committee by fixing the date, the Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden

WILL OPEN SATURDAY, JAN. 22.

ROYAL AQUARIUM SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN.—On this occasion Fellows, Life Nominees, and Season Tickets will only be admitted. Fellows' tickets and Shareholders' life nomination tickets are now ready for delivery.

SEASON TICKETS, TWO GUINEAS.

ROYAL AQUARIUM SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN.—Season Tickets admit to the Opening Ceremony, and also on all weeks day, with the exception of three days in the year, which the committee reserve. Season Tickets also entitle the owner to participate in the annual distribution of the Royal Aquarium Art-Union. £3000 distributed in prizes. First prize £1000. Every season-ticket holder entitled to ticket. RESERVED SEATS for the OPENING CEREMONY and CONCERT (Conductor, Mr. Arthur Sullivan) may now be secured. Reserved Seats, Half a Guinea and Seven Shillings and Sixpence. The Picture and Fine-Art Gallery will be open all the year round. Flower Shows will be held on April 12, 13, May 10 and 11, May 30 and 31, July 5 and 6, Oct. 4 and 5. Prizes to the amount of Two Thousand Five Hundred Pounds will be given away. Concerts every afternoon and evening. Special Vocal and Instrumental Concerts on Thursday afternoons early in February. The Library and Reading-Room will be open Jan. 24. Daily and weekly newspapers, books of reference, &c., provided for the use of visitors. The Restaurant has been placed under the supervision of Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, and will be modelled partly on the French, partly on the English, principle. Déjeuners à la fourchette and dinners à la table d'hôte only. The Royal Aquarium Summer and Winter Garden will open at 11 a.m. and close at 10.30 p.m. every day.—Admission, Monday, Jan. 24, and during the Week, Half a Crown.

SEASON TICKETS for the ROYAL AQUARIUM SUMMER AND WINTER GARDEN may be obtained at the Offices of the Society, or of their numerous authorised Agents, amongst whom may be mentioned Messrs. J. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street, W.; Rudall, Carte, and Co., 20, Charing-cross, S.W.; Harrison, 1, St. James's-street, S.W.; Bubb, 167, New Bond-street, W.; Olivier, New Bond-street; Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street, W.; Chappell, 50, New Bond-street, W.; Lacon and Ollier, 168, Old Bond-street, W.; Austin, St. James's Hall, W.; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside, E.C.; Weston, 27, St. George's-place, Knightsbridge, S.W.; Strickland and Rowe, Cromwell-place (opposite Kensington station); Spalding, No. 46, High-street, Notting-hill-gate, W.; Letts and Co., Royal Exchange, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange-buildings; Standsfield, No. 67, High-street, Peckham, S.E.; Henry Laver, 127, Great Portland-street, W.

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from 6 to 8.30, 3s. 6d.,

Including two Soups, two kinds of Fish, two Entrées, Joints, Sweets, Cheese, Salad, &c., with Dessert.

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Including Two Soups, Three kinds of Fish, Three Entrées, Two Joints, Sweets, Ices, Cheese, Salad, and Dessert.

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PEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC, in a weak or disordered state of health, prostration of strength, nervous derangement, neuralgic affections, aches and pains of every kind, sluggish circulation, depressed spirits, imperfect digestion, &c. By the formation of new blood, and its vivifying effect on the nerve centres, it develops new health, strength, and energy quickly. An increased appetite is always an effect of Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic. Thirty-two doses are contained in the 4s. 6d. bottle; next size, 11s.; stone jars, 22s. Sold by all Chemists; any Chemist will procure it; or sent for stamps by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London.

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THE SECOND CHRISTMAS NUMBER
OF THE
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SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS
("THE STIRRUP CUP")

COMPRISES

A double-page reproduction, in Colours, of the well-known Drawing by the late JOHN LEECH,
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TWO SHEETS & A HALF
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PICTURES, POEMS, TALES, SKETCHES, &c.,
OF SPORT, ADVENTURE, AND THE DRAMA.
In a Coloured Wrapper, price 1s.; through the post, 1s. 2d.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton.—On MONDAY, JAN. 17, and during the Week, the Grand Pantomime, WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will make their re-appearance in England. Morning Performances, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Dec. 29, 30, and Jan. 1. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING. At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sudgen, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended.—N.B. Morning Performances of "Our Boys" on Saturdays, Jan. 22 and 29. Acting Manager, Mr. D. MCKAY.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—On MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 10, and until further notice. Commence at 7, with TWO TO ONE—Mr. Stephenson, Misses Jones, Williams. At 7.40, A LESSON IN LOVE—Messrs. Cox, Grahame, and Vernon; Mesdames M. Terry, T. Lavis, and Ada Swanborough. At 9.30, ANTARCTIC; or, The Pole and the Traces—Messrs. Terry, Marius, Cox, Turner, &c.; Mesdames Claude, Venne, &c.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Hare.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15 precisely, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's New and Original Fairy Play, BROKEN HEARTS. Characters will be played by Miss Mudge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Miss Hollingshead, Miss Plowden, Mr. Kendal, and Mr. G. W. Anson. Preceded by, at 7.30, A MORNING CALL—Miss Hughes and Mr. C. Kelly. At 10, A QUIET RUBBER.—Mr. Hare, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Herbert, and Miss Plowden. Box-office hours 11 till 5. No fees for booking seats. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. John Huy.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. Baldwin Buckstone.

On MONDAY, JAN. 17, and Every Evening during the Week, Shakespeare's play of ROMEO and JULIET, in which Miss NEILSON will make her first appearance since her return from America, supported by the Haymarket Company. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. Box-office open from 10 till 5. No free list. Stage Manager, Mr. Howe; Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Managers, Messrs. D'Oyly Carte and George Dolby. THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER; or, Sold for a Song. Opéra Bouffe, by G. M. Layton; Music by Léon Vasseur. As played upwards of 400 nights in Paris. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. Mesdames Rita, Rachel Sanger, Marion West, Inez D'Aguilar, &c. Messrs. E. W. Royce, Kelleher, Osborne, &c. Box-Office open from 11 to 5. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL. Mr. J. A. Cave, Manager.

New Grand Operatic Féerie Extravaganza, in Four Acts and Eleven Tableaux, entitled LORD BATEMAN: HIS ADVENTURES BY LAND AND SEA, suggested by George Cruikshank's Illustrated Ballad. The Music selected and composed by M. Jacobi; the Libretto by Sydney French. Extensive Mechanism by S. Sloman and Son; Splendid Appointments by J. Buckley; Superb Costumes by Miss Fisher and Mr. S. May, from designs by Alfred Maltby; and the whole constructed and placed upon the stage by Mr. J. A. Cave.

The following unprecedented cast:—William Rignold, Frank Hall, J. H. Jarvis, W. G. Ross, G. Robert, L. Fountain, J. Husk, and Harry Paulton; Misses Lennox Grey, Billy Beaumont, Adelaide Newton, Sara Lillian, Kate Garston, A. Hilton, Brunelli, Pauline Markham, and Emma Chambers. The Marvelous Faust Family. The Kladderadatsch and Zamascou Troupes. Mlle. Pitter, Mdlle. Pertoldi, and upwards of One Hundred Coryphées will appear in the new magnificent Turkish Ballet, arranged by John Lauri. The scenery will be upon a more magnificent scale than hitherto attempted at this theatre, by Albert Calcott. Conclude with an Italian Pantomime. Open at 6.45.

NOTICE.—Early Trains to all parts from Charing-cross. "Lord Bateman" terminates by 11 o'clock. Commences at 7.45. Preceded by a Farce at 7.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE. Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. Opening of the Grand New Entrances and immense success of the best Pantomime ever produced, THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. Splendid Scenery. Mr. Richard Douglass. Gorgeous costumes, brilliant pageants and spectacle. Every Evening, at 7. Morning Performances every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 12.30, to which children under ten half price. The celebrated Paynes from Covent Garden as pantomimists. Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Fred. Payne, Mr. H. Payne, and Mr. J. Barnum, Miss Jenny Beauchere, Miss Rose Graham, and Miss Emmeline Cole.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Continued Success of the Brilliant Pantomime. The most beautiful Transformation Scene in London.

Every Evening, at 6.45, EL FLAMBO; or, the Waters of the Singing Well—Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Fred Foster, F. Marchant, Bigwood, Lewis, Bell, Fox, Pitt, Parry, Hyde; Mdlles. Pollie Randall, Summers, Rayner. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe, ten in number. Concluding with ZELMA; or, an Indian's Love—Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Reeve; Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner.

SURREY THEATRE.—Lessee, W. Holland.

Every Evening, at 7.45, Grand Pantomime, JACK THE GIANT KILLER. Greatest Success in London—vide the Press (see last week's issue of this paper) and general public. Preceded, at 7, with screaming Farce. Prices 6d. to 3gs. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 2, to which children are admitted half price. Miss Jennie Lee, Nellie Moon, Susie Vaughan, Sisters Elliott, &c.; Messrs. Jus. Fawn, H. Taylor, &c. Clown, Harry Croueste. Stage Manager, F. H. Dogue. Musical Director, Sidney Davis. Secretary, Thos. B. Warne. Acting Manager, W. Parker.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, CITY-ROAD.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Dancing in the New Hall. Every Evening, at 7, to commence with the Grand Pantomime of SPITZ SPITZ, THE SPIDER CRAB; or, the Sprite of Spitzbergen, written by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and H. Spry. New and elaborate scenery. Music by Oscar H. Barrett. Messrs. Geo. Conquest and his Son, Herbert Campbell, B. Morton, Vincent, &c.; Misses Amy Forrest, Dot Robins, Lizzie Claremont, Lizzie, Laura, and Ada Conquest. Clown, R. Inch; Harlequin, W. Osmond; Pantaloons, W. Ash; Columbines, Misses Osmond and Barry. To conclude with a favourite Drama. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—Mr. HENRY IRVING will appear EVERY EVENING for a limited number of nights (except Saturdays) as HAMLET. A series of Morning Performances of this great Play will be given during January, on the Evenings of which Days Miss BATEMAN will sustain her celebrated character of LEAH.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.

Facing the Houses of Parliament. EVERY DAY and NIGHT, at 1.30 and 7, the GREAT PANTOMIME. Glorious triumph. The Theatre at both morning and evening performances positively crammed by an enthusiastic audience. There is but one opinion—the press, the public, and the profession pronouncing the Palace of Elephants to be the greatest of all great exhibitions. In no other Establishment in the world can the same gorgeous pantomime be produced. N.B.—No indecent dressing.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.

The PANTOMIME for 1876 includes all the Remarkable Events of the Times. Cave of Kalaba, Birthplace of St. George; Lady Godiva's Ride through Coventry; Palace of Elephants; Mid-air Fight; Prince of Wales in India; and the Great Elephant Hunt, &c. Clown, the Great Little Sandy; Harlequin, Mr. A. Lauraine. Box-office open daily from 10 to 4. Gallery, 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Pit Stalls, 2s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Boxes, 2s.; Dress Circle, 4s.; Private Boxes from £1 10s. to 5gs. TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY at 1.30 and 7.—N.B. This Pantomime is strictly moral. No indecent dressing.

Sole Proprietors, John and George Sanger.

HENGLEER'S GRAND CIRQUE, ARGYLL-STREET; OXFORD-CIRCUS.—Continued success of the Grand Holiday Entertainment.—The Great Riders, the Wonder Gymnasts and Leapers, the Matchless Ponies, and Drolllest of Clowns, renders the whole Entertainment one of the most charming in London. The intensely comic scenes in the Pantomime call forth the loudest peals of laughter ever heard within a place of amusement. The inimitable J. Bibb, the greatest Pantomime Clown extant. The Proprietor respectfully urges the necessity of booking seats to prevent disappointment. EVERY EVENING. Doors open at 7, commencing at 7.30. Illuminated Morning Performances every day. Open at 2, commencing at 2.30.—Prices, 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s.; Private Boxes, 30s. Box-office open daily from 10 till 4. No fees. Children under ten years half price. Carriages may be ordered for the evening performances at 10.30; afternoon at 4.30. Director and Proprietor, Mr. CHARLES HENGLEER.

LEXANDRA PALACE.—The GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME Every Day, at 3; produced on an unprecedentedly magnificent scale, and pronounced by the entire press the greatest pantomime of the season. HARLEQUIN, THE YELLOW DWARF; Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST making the Highest Leaps ever attempted, and Three Hundred Performers. Magnificent Scenery and Costumes. Grand Transformation. Children half price. The Circus and ALL THE GREAT HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS Daily. Last Week of the GREAT DOLL SHOW. Special Trains. Admission One Shilling each Day, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TUESDAY, JAN. 18. C GREAT ANNUAL SHOW OF PIGEONS, by the National Pigeon Society. All the Christmas Amusements. One Shilling Day.

M DME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-STREET. M PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. Newly Decorated, New Stage, and New Proscenium and Scenery, Painted by that Eminent Artist, Mr. Richard Douglass.

The Holiday Entertainment given by the MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS has again proved the Most Successful in London.

Every Day and Every Night throughout the Holiday Week, the vast Area of the ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL was densely packed in every available nook within half an hour of the opening of the doors.

On Boxing Day it is computed that more than FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE were turned away from the two performances.

The average daily attendance from Dec. 27 to Saturday, Jan. 1, EXCEEDED NINE THOUSAND, or upwards of FIFTY-FOUR THOUSAND IN THE SIX DAYS.

A success altogether without parallel. THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMME will be repeated, until further notice, EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT; MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at THREE and EIGHT. Doors open for Day Performances at 2.30, for Evening ditto at 7.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN LARGE HALL.—Daily at 3 and 8.—In addition to many novelties, the present programme includes Psycho, the world-famed automaton Whist-player; the mystic and oracular tambourine; and Mr. Maskelyne's most recent sensation of floating in the hall over the heads of the audience as high as the lofty dome in the centre of the room. This remarkable feat is accomplished while the

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OLIVE VARCOE (Chicago).—We were unable to avail ourselves of your communication, owing to a press of matter of local importance. With reference to the play, write to Mr. E. Hastings, Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tottenham-street, London.

E. W. (Market Rasen).—Your sketch has been mislaid.

W. W. (Salisbury).—Thanks for your good opinion. Mr. Sturgess is likewise grateful.

H. K. (Hilland, Tullaryan, Kilkenny).—We are indebted to you for the sketch, which, with your permission, shall be turned to account before the close of the coursing season.

J. M. S. (Stockport).—Our arrangements were made weeks before your contribution was received. Otherwise we should have dealt differently with it—and yourself. The MS. has been returned by post.

E. S. R. (Chester).—There is no such vacancy.

L. B. K. (Cross Oak, Herts).—If you will take the trouble to again read the notice in question you will find it refers to *Sketches*, not MS. However, forward your account, setting forth length of contribution, date of publication, &c., and you shall be communicated with.

R. A. B. (Bromley).—The artist did not represent the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

M. G. J. (High Wycombe).—Thanks, not at present.

E. S. J.—We have written to Mr. Prince, Sloane-square, on the subject. Be good enough to see him.

J. N. (Manchester).—Will communicate with you by letter on another matter kindred to that mentioned in your note.

J. M. (Twickenham).—We delayed replying to your question until we heard from Mr. Maxwell. His answer is, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

J. J. MAHOOD (Upper Norwood).—The sketch will be given to your messenger.

A SUBSCRIBER (Fordham).—Lacy's, theatrical bookseller, Strand.

G. F. H. (Manchester).—Up to the present time no opportunity favourable enough for the acceptance of your offer has arisen. We shall, however, keep the subject in mind.

J. R. M. (Forest Hill).—Want of room must be our excuse for not treating with you at present.

W. J. FADDIS (St. Paul, Minnesota).—The season is too far advanced. Let us hear from you again, later on, with a view to next season's shooting.

DEBORAH.—We are unable to supply the information.

H. F. (Liverpool).—Our former experience was not sufficiently encouraging to warrant our repeating the experiment.

SHOOTING.

QUAIL (Malta).—Any of the gun trade advertising in our columns can supply you.

QUI HYS (Caledon Club).—We can only recommend you to apply to Mr. Stephen Grant (the only gunmaker of that name we are aware of), St. James's-street, London.

HENRY C. (Plymouth).—A good steady pointer is what you want. We cannot assist you in the matter, and recommend caution in dealing with unknown advertisers.

ISQUIRED (Brighton).—The "Shooting Notes" which you require appeared in the following numbers:—July 3, Sept. 4, Oct. 2, and Nov. 6. Upon forwarding 2s. 2d. to the Publisher you can have them forwarded.

W. R. S. (Southampton).—The bird you sent is a great northern diver, too decomposed for sending to Ward and Co., of Piccadilly, to get up.

C. F. (Norwood).—Try No. 6 shot at them.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY, 15, 1876.

Circular Notes.

WHY this hubbub about Mr. Boucicault's "childlike and bland" letter to Mr. Disraeli? It must be obvious to the densest of the dramatist's millions of admirers that a Noble Purpose underlies and permeates all his plays. Each of them enforces a Loftier Lesson. We saw *Flying Scud*, and from that moment became a turf reformer. We beheld *Formosa*, and vowed that no effort of ours should be spared to alter the accepted method of training a 'Varsity crew. It was not alone the towing-path that Mr. Boucicault's hero trod; it was—tenderly guided by a Person of the non-boating sex—"the primrose path of dalliance"—and yet he rowed in the successful boat! But, we would ask, will Mr. Boucicault be satisfied with the release of the Fenians? There is a rôle that was once played by Richard Brinsley Sheridan which Mr. Boucicault could most worthily undertake. Messrs. Butt and Sullivan, look to your laurels. Our private copy of *Zadkiel* contains a representation of the cart of Thespis. Therein stands a familiar figure—the figure of a stage Hibernian. His beaming brow is adorned with a wreath of the four-leaved shamrock plucked from the adjoining fairy dell. In lieu of a cravat he wears a sandwich-board of the period, upon which is inscribed the portentous legend—"M.P. for Ballinasloe."

If imitation be the sincerest flattery, Mr. Boucicault has abundant reason to feel proud. In his letter to the Prime Minister he says, "The work is founded upon an episode in the Fenian insurrection of 1866. . . . A young Irish gentleman has been tried, convicted, and transported to the penal colonies for complicity with the rebellion. He escapes to America, and from thence ventures to visit his home in Ireland. . . . eventually is restored to freedom by a general pardon. This pardon is the *Deus ex machina* of the drama." The advertisement of *Peep o' Day* runs thus:—"Founded on an episode of the Irish Rebellion in 1798. A young Irish gentleman of literary distinction has been tried, convicted, and transported to the penal colonies for complicity in the Rebellion. He escapes, and ventures to visit his home in Ireland, where he is eventually restored to freedom by a general pardon—the *Deus ex machina* of the drama—granted by the Crown." "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

For loftily-phrased nonsense, gorgeous rhodomontade, and amusing density, commend us to certain contemporary criticisms of the Old Masters. One might be forgiven if, on perusing them, he exclaimed with Mark Twain, "Thank goodness, the Old Masters are dead!" A picture by a defunct painter is a safe subject for discussion. You know that his only chance of dispersing your fine air-drawn theories is through the lips of a spiritualistic medium, and thus far the mediums of celebrated painters have thought proper to abstain from writing letters to the papers. An exhibition of Old Masters, too, is deemed a fit excuse for dealing with the first principles of art, in this wise:—"First, choice of a noble subject; next, love of beauty; and then, afterwards, sincerity and invention. Now the early masters combined certainly the first three, and oftentimes all of these, whereas the Reynolds school cannot at the utmost be said to have had more than the last three." To persons unable to see for themselves (for whom, one may presume, the pictures are principally interpreted), this is eminently unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it betrays in the mind of the critic the existence of "a theory." Now, Reynolds was a painter of portraits. Perhaps the greatest of the English school. What we

want to know is whether the exhibition in question is rich in works by Reynolds, and, as clearly as may be told in print, what are the nature and peculiarities of the chief of these. Thin hashes of morsels of the oft-quoted but seldom read "Discourses," or of Hazlitt and Ruskin, are ridiculously out of place in a brief newspaper notice of an exhibition of both old masters and new. Here is another excerpt from the notice which afforded the above text:—"Look at Menling's 'Triptych,' which hangs next to the 'Angelico,' and see the intense care taken by this northern genius in the portrayal of the dresses (especially that of the angel holding the pear), of the canopy, of the chair-knots, and of the collars and decorations worn by the kneeling figures! Would that we could see more of such carefully-added fact on these same walls at our May exhibition!" We cannot echo the aspiration. There was a time in the history of the P. R. B. when we saw rather too much "carefully-added fact" at the May exhibitions—when painters of "the carefully-added fact" of, say, the head of a tennepenny nail were wont to attach their reputation thereto, rather than to the figure of the human accessory. And have not many of the P. R. B. recanted? Why, we once heard Mr. Ruskin declare before a Royal Institution audience in reference to a most ruthless attack on an old master which he had made years before, that "he was wrong." If the great master of art-analysis can make mistakes—But the inference is too obvious.

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette* "Mr. Fairholt has produced an instructive volume. (On "Tobacco, its History and Associations.") He is a master of his subject, and has treated it in a style likely to attract readers. He is not a smoker, and at the same time has no prejudice against the use of tobacco." Our impression may be entirely erroneous, but, *malgré* the *P. M. G.* and the *Post* and other journals, we thought that Mr. Fairholt died at least eight or nine years since.

Mr. Buckmaster "thinks too much importance is attached to meat as an essential article of diet." Well, a good deal of importance is attached to meat—by people who are unable to get it. He says, repeating the old, old story:—"It is of little consequence whether the tissues are repaired with nitrogen obtained from vegetable or animal sources. The gluten of wheat, barley, and oats; the legumen of beans, peas, and lentils are the chief vegetable sources of nitrogen, while the same element is furnished in the albumen and fibrin of eggs and meat, the casein of milk and cheese." The late Mr. Brotherton, M.P., was a vegetarian. So are Father Newman and Mr. James Burns; so are the most cruel and bloodthirsty races of the East; so are not British navvies, bluejackets, puddlers, shinglers, and professional pedestrians. We have most of us dabbled in discussions on diet, and the majority have come to the same conclusion—viz., that a mixed regimen is the best fitted for the inhabitants of a land that possesses a climate equally mixed. Persons whose line of life is sedentary, and whose means are ample, can afford to dispense with meat. To expatiate on the valuable properties of "casein" for the edification of people who are obliged to have recourse to "milk" a miserably small proportion of which can be traced to the cow, and of cheese that is neither Cheddar nor Cheshire, but rank American, or something worse, is to give a stone to those who are craving for bread. Let Mr. Buckstone avoid quackery. A nimbus that emanates from South Kensington encircles his head. His is a high emprise. Teaching the modern domestic servant how to make an omelette is a mission of which any man might be proud; but he should let antiquity alone. He says:—"The chief food of the Roman gladiator was barley cakes and oil; and this diet, Hippocrates says, is eminently fitted to give muscular strength and endurance. The Roman soldier, too, seems to have had little or no meat. His daily rations were one pound of barley, three ounces of oil, and a pint of thin wine." Granted. The Roman gladiator fed on barley and oil, and the Roman soldier added thin wine (*thin wine*) to his vegetable grease and grains—in Rome. Has Mr. Buckmaster tried the gladiatorial diet—in England? And how did he like it, as far as he went? Has he the courage of his convictions? Otherwise, especially if he continue to quote Hippocrates, there is a danger of his being assailed by some hungry flesh-eating sceptic, who will probably challenge him to produce his previous month's hotel bills.

"The Louth board of guardians exclude reporters, while several other neighbouring towns admit them. The guardians do not object to some of their works being made public, for reports are manipulated and written by the clerk, and then if you want them to put in your paper for the information of your readers why you must pay for it to the clerk." And why not? The guardians owe no kind of allegiance to a community of feebly fatuous voters who have not the courage to insist on having the proceedings of the board fully and freely reported without the intervention of a thrifty clerk. He, by the way, is unique. A salaried servant of ratepayers who exacts additional payment from newspapers for the publication of proceedings it is essential his masters should know is a person to be cherished. Of course, in the event of his righteous perquisite being abolished, the guardians will award him a retiring pension. If the ratepayers of Louth were not so hopelessly silly, it might be advisable to give them a hint—to urge them, in fact, to make the question of excluding reporters from the meetings of the board of guardians a test vote at the next election.

"Grattan's Statue" is thanked for his letter. The slip was ridiculous, "just such a one as we would have pounced upon if anyone else"—worthy of notice—"had been guilty of it." As a matter of fact, we did pounce upon it the moment we saw it in print. It will afford us great pleasure to hear from "Grattan's Statue" again. He says, referring to us, "But you are, at least I suppose so, English, which is quite sufficient to account for you (*sic*) not understanding the English language. Come over to Ireland and learn it." Almost grammatical, nearly epigrammatical, and altogether a fair example of withering satire. But we cannot go to Ireland. A knowledge of the English that is spoken and written in Dublin is certainly desirable. Nay, we would go further, and declare it to be essential to the education of a British journalist. Nevertheless, we cannot go to Ireland. It would be pleasant, enveloped in the fragrant fumes that arose from "a mat" of Jamieson's oldest and best, to discuss the elegancies of Dublin-English the weird music of undiluted Erse, and—Jamieson's oldest and best—with "Grattan's Statue"; but we dare not visit Dublin. We have been reading "The Popular Idol," and the prospect of spending even a day in Dublin is too appalling.

The New York *Music Trade Review*, the fourth number of which is before us, is brimful of good things in the shape of original articles and cuttings from contemporary journals, the greater part of which are diverting "racy of the soil." A conspicuous mission of the *Review* would appear to be the protection of certain native pianoforte manufacturers who are holders of patent rights; and the following may be accepted as a fair example of the manner in which the journal performs the work:—"We publicly call upon Joseph P. Hale, Hugh Hardman, and others, to discontinue selling pianos to any person or persons engaged in putting on these pianos the names of Stanley and Sons, Shumway and Sons, &c. . . . If Joseph P. Hale, &c., and others do not regard our well-meant advice their scalps will ere long dangle at the belt of the *Music Trade Review*." Dr. Hans von Bülow, you are forgiven. You were doubtless made acquainted with the American music-journalist's tremendous mode of attack long before you set foot in New York. It was, therefore, natural, and at the same time wise of you to elevate the land of stars and stripes at the expense of too-indulgent England. If you had dared to do otherwise!—Not the least amusing of the contents of the *Music Trade Review* are some of the notices of native publications. From these we learn that the sentimental nigger ballad of the type of "Put Me in my Little Bed," and "Mother, close the Washhouse Door" (sung nightly by Lydia Thompson in *Bluebeard*) is yet a successful article of commerce in America. The "Old Church-yard in the Lane" or "Darling Minnie Grey" (we sang her dirge years ago), "As Pretty as a Little Butterfly" (why "little"?), "Pretty Little Jakey," "Don't go near the Bar-room, Father," and "Father drinks no more" are a few of the titles of a batch of sentimental ditties which are more or less cut up by the *Review*. With reference to "the picture of a tipsy man on the titlepage" of the former of the last two songs the writer says, "If this man took nothing stronger than the song he would be dry enough!" and it is remarked with regard to both that "They are not intoxicating, but most difficult to swallow."

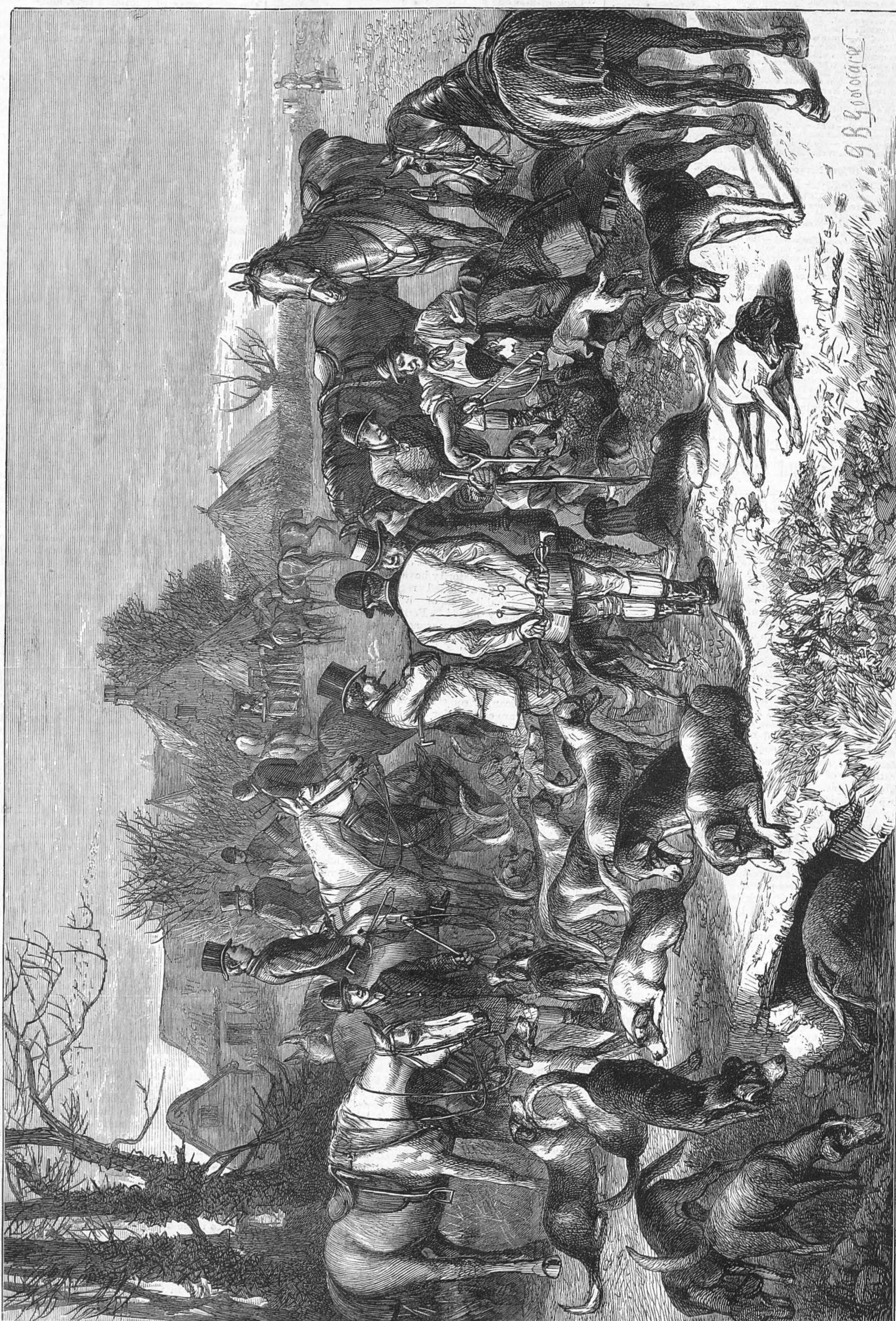
Who is Miss Kate Bentley, and what is a Belgravian Tattler? A local paper states that she and a select assortment of the Tattlers of Belgravia recently "gave a concert and entertainment in the Corn Exchange, Long Sutton, when a highly respectable and numerous audience assembled." Assembled, but did not linger. In fact, while the Tattling Belgravians' performance was admitted by the citizens of Long Sutton to be a concert, its entertaining qualities were held to be so much a matter of doubt, and the "performances were so little appreciated, that gradually the room was cleared, and the performers were assailed outside with sounds more noisy than musical." It is consolatory to know that the citizens of Long Sutton limited the expression of their objection to vocal exercises. They might have thrown missiles. Once we ask what is a Belgravian Tattler?

Somebody should edit the editor of the *Evening Echo's* contents bill. On Saturday night by far the most telling line in the placard was "Actresses in Trouble." As might have been expected, there was a brisk demand for the paper, especially between Charing-cross and Temple Bar. The demand, however, was of brief duration. On unfolding his damp *Echo*, the eager searcher after a new theatrical scandal discovered—what? About thirty lines of a reported police-case of the most trumpery description. Two young women, who in their cups had called themselves "tragedy queens," had been fined 5s. each at the Clerkenwell Police Court for being drunk and disorderly. That was all. Now, inasmuch as Mrs. Grundy looks disdainful askance at the real actress (in the majority of instances as much a real lady as Mrs. G. herself), let us implore the *Echo* to be more particular in future with its "tragedy queens."

Being thankful for the smallest of mercies, we tender our grateful acknowledgments to the Dublin journal which, strangely enough, imagines itself an authority in sporting matters for its frequent gratuitous advertisement of ourselves. We wish we could conscientiously return the compliment. But, alas! that is impossible. An editor who wonders how "a slap in the face"—as he elegantly and characteristically phrases it—bestowed on a regular contributor to the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS by an independent correspondent should have been "allowed to appear" therein is scarcely the sort of gentleman that deserves to be encouraged. Has he yet to learn that it is the habitual custom of journals of respectability, on both sides of St. George's Channel, to give publicity to views utterly adverse to those held by the editor and the members of his staff?

A GIFT of twenty brace of pheasants has been received from the Queen for the patients in University College Hospital.

PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH FOR £300.—On Tuesday last a match in which Mr. J. Tucker, of Croydon, had agreed to shoot against Mr. G. Brighton, of London, at fifty pigeons each, for £300, was decided at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, in the presence of a numerous company. The conditions were to shoot at fifty pigeons each, from five traps five yards apart, double-barrelled guns, rise of both barrels, 1½ oz shot, &c., to find birds, pull, and trap against each. Tucker won the match at the forty-first round by killing twenty-two birds against twelve.



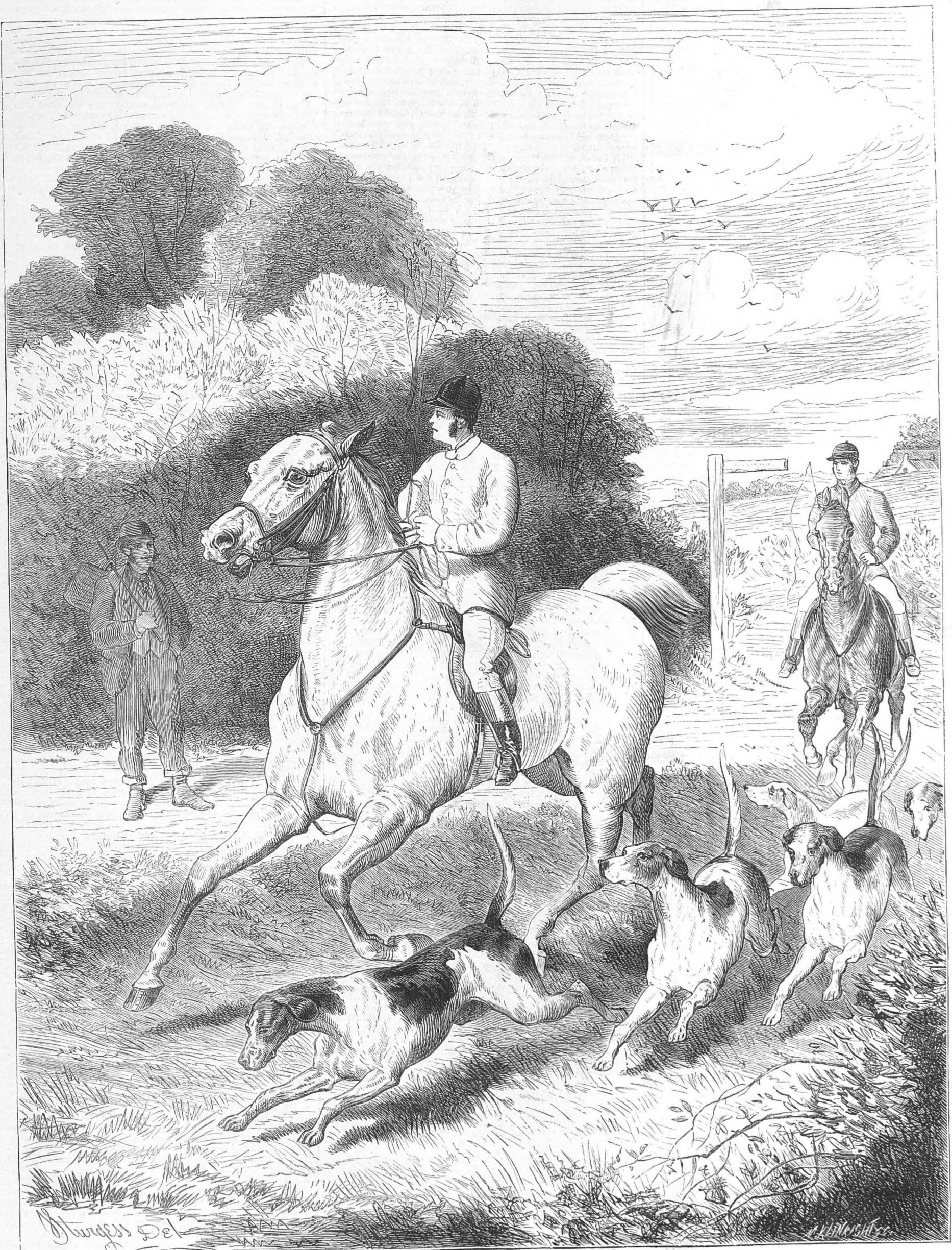
DUG OUT.

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THE RETURN TO KENNEL.

Athletic Sports.

WITH the ground as hard as the heart of a tax-collector one can scarcely, with reason, expect much football. There have been, however, some few matches played, but none of sufficient importance to call for any special remark from me. The principal performance which has taken place since last Saturday in the athletic world has been the match for the championship of racquets and £500 a side between H. Fairs and Joseph Gray. Since William Gray, who, owing to ill health, resigned the title of champion, Fairs has invariably been looked upon as likely to succeed him, but this was not to be without a match. After some little paper war, he and J. Gray came to terms, the conditions being that they should play the best of seven games in both of their courts, i.e., at Prince's and at Rugby, the winner of the greater number of games to win the championship; but should the games be equal the majority of aces to decide the contest. Fairs, who is better known at the Belgravian resort as "Punch," has been engaged at Prince's in the racquet court almost since he was in petticoats, and with continuous practice has reached as near perfection at the game as possible. Gray, if I remember rightly, was at one time engaged at Cambridge, but is now racquet-master at the courts at Rugby School. I may be wrong in my conjecture, but it struck me that when the men entered the court at Prince's on Wednesday to play the first of their home and home matches, Fairs was a little overtrained, while Gray seemed thoroughly fit—all wire and whipcord, in fact. Twelve o'clock was the time advertised for commencing, and, with praiseworthy punctuality, two minutes afterwards they tossed for choice of innings, which fell to the lot of Fairs. I should here, perhaps, state the names of the umpires and referee—Mr. C. E. Parker filled the latter office, while Mr. H. Bull was umpire for Fairs and Mr. C. P. Clay for Gray, the games being marked by H. Boakes (the marker at the Leamington courts), formerly of Lord's. Fairs, in his first "hand in," failed to score, but Gray, at his first attempt, made two aces, only to be passed by "Punch" in his second venture, he making five. Gray then had a fruitless innings, and then Fairs put on three more, and soon afterwards looked like "walking in" as he made his score 14 to 30. Gray now succeeded in making four more aces before relinquishing the court; but, his opponent scoring once more, the first game went to Fairs' credit by 15 to 7. The second game requires little or no comment, as, although the spectators were treated to some fine rallies, Fairs put together no less than seven aces in his first hand, one volley of his being a perfect beauty. Eventually he put himself out. Gray did nothing until Fairs was "8 to love," and then he did make one ace—his only one. From 10 to 1 Fairs ran out and won the second game by 15 to 1. Although meeting with the misfortune of breaking his racquet early in the third game, Fairs again took the lead and was 7 to 2. The Rugby man now showed to advantage and first made the game "7 all," and then 9 to 8. "Punch" then got as far as 12 to 9, and, disposing of Gray's pointlessness, won by 15 to 9. It now seemed a moral for one, as Fairs had won three games right off, and I believe in one instance a well-known cricketer laid a bet that Gray would not place a game to his credit; but the issue of the fourth proved the uncertainty of racquets as well as of cricket. From "1 all" Gray in his second "hand in" made seven aces, and Fairs in turn replying with three, the Rugby man followed suit with four, thus making his figures 12 to 4; and in the end won by 15 to 6. The fifth, and final game as it proved, was perhaps more closely contested than any of the preceding ones. Gray was the first to score, and was "3 to love," when a grand drop by Fairs put him out. This "Punch" followed up by making the game "3 all," and after another "hand in" each he became 8 to 4. A fruitless innings by either then ensued, then Gray made three aces. The game at one time was "8 all," then "9 all," and eventually "11 all;" but from this point Fairs got as far as 14 to 11, when he let in Gray. The latter, however, scored only 1, and Fairs then quickly obtained the requisite ace, and won the game and the first half of the match by 15 to 12. The return-match takes place at Rugby on Wednesday next. As far as aces count, it will be seen that Fairs scored 60 and Gray 44. I hope I shall not be accused of downright madness, but I certainly thought that I had seen Fairs play better; at times nothing could be finer than some of his strokes, his volleys and drops just over the line being really marvellous; but I very much doubt if Gray will not render a better account of himself in his own court.

Two sculling-matches have taken place this week, the first, on Monday, between Anderson, of Hammersmith, and Cannon, of Kingston, for £45 a side, over the championship course from Putney to Mortlake. Anderson was made the favourite, a slight shade of odds having been laid on him. Harry Kelley piloted the Hammersmith man, who had the Middlesex station; while Joe Sadler directed Cannon. The latter dashed off with the lead, and by the time they had gone about half a mile was quite four lengths in front. Off Craven Point, however, it was all out of him, and Anderson became level with him. At Hammersmith Bridge Anderson was a length and a half to the good, and, taking matters easily, won by four lengths. Another match, over the short course, came off, on Tuesday, between Putney and Hammersmith, the contending parties being Burgoine, of Kingston, and Coxon, of Surbiton, the former staking £50 to £40. Coxon had the Middlesex station, which was well sheltered from the bitterly cold strong wind, and at the start at once went in front, he being a length ahead at the London Boat-House, and quite two as they went round the point. At the Grass Wharf, however, Burgoine (who was much hampered by the wind blowing him on to the Surrey shore) came within a boat's length. Commencing to shoot towards the centre arch of Hammersmith Bridge, Coxon edged too much over towards Burgoine, and a foul was imminent; and, slipping his right-hand scull, Burgoine was on to him in a moment. Coxon came in first; but, on being appealed to, the referee, Mr. Leverell, unhesitatingly decided in favour of Burgoine on the foul. This decision, which was unquestionably correct, gave great dissatisfaction to some of Coxon's supporters, who gave vent to their feelings in language the reverse of polite; and one man—I am almost tempted to give his name in full—went so far as to threaten the referee with an impromptu bath.

In my notes last week I commented on Cook's billiard handicap up to the play of Wednesday, when, with the exception of one heat, the second ties had been run through. On Thursday evening the contestants in the first heat were G. Hunt and Collins, both in receipt of the same points, 220; and, although the partisans of either man were very sanguine, the play was moderate in the extreme, Collins playing in a very random manner and Hunt showing to no advantage, although the latter made a couple of good breaks—viz., 65 (18 spots) and 41, unfinished—and eventually Hunt won by 71 points. The next heat was expected to be the one of the handicap, the players being Tom Taylor (110) and Louis Kilkenny (170); the latter had been backed heavily for the handicap "right out;" whilst Tom, who is about the best man we have in the second rank, was supported by some of the best judges in the London district. Taylor was evidently not in form, although he passed

his man at 301 to 293. In this I don't wish to detract from the play of Kilkenny, who, throughout the whole competition, displayed that sterling, sound work for which he is so noted in his county. The best breaks were, Kilkenny, 38, 95 (11 and 7 spots); Taylor, 48 (7 spots), 46 (5 spots), 38, almost entirely off the red, having lost the white. The second draw took place during the evening, and Hunt was very lucky in getting a bye, as on the following evening whichever of Shorter or Alfred Bennett won their heat had the extreme felicity of knowing that a second contest faced them. Owing to the good form he showed in his previous play, Bennett was the favourite for money, although many were sweet on the Londoner. It was a good match, but the Birmingham won by 39 points, having throughout the best of the luck. Shorter missed a great chance just towards the finish, when at the top of the table. The best essays in the finest heat (for play) of the whole handicap were—Bennett, 41, 95 (29 spots); Shorter, 60 and 40. Bennett now had to meet Kilkenny, and it was asking him a big question to try conclusions with one of the soundest players of the handicap as a tired man. Nevertheless he was slightly the favourite; but although he had all the best of it at the commencement he failed to stay home, and was beaten easily at the finish by 110 points, this being the most exciting heat of the week, the best runs being Kilkenny, 32, 40, 35; Bennett, 36, the most notable feature in this tie being the absence of the spot hazard. Hunt now was the only opponent the Yorkshireman had left in for the prizes, and on Saturday they opposed each other in the best of three games of 500 up. Kilkenny was a great favourite, but he began very slowly, and Hunt, "playing 'possum," made a race of it, being only defeated by one, after a very exciting finish. In the second game Kilkenny was again all behind at the commencement, but he came like a lion at the finish, and won by 43 points. The last game, it being then trick and tie, was a "walk over," Kilkenny, who had certainly a lump the best of Fortune's smiles, winning by 153. During the three games the most important contributions were—Kilkenny, 43, 41 (12 spots), 32 (9 spots), 65 (unfinished), 53 (6 spots), 64 (16 spots), 51, 48 (9 spots), 41, 30; Hunt, 39 (12 spots), 50 (10 spots). The north-country man thus won the first prize; and the locket, for the best average according to the smallest number of breaks made by any player in completing his score, was awarded to Shorter. I don't grudge him the prize; he deserves it, as a quiet inoffensive player, a credit to his profession, and esteemed by all that know him; but for one I should like to know how the conclusion as to who was entitled to the prize was arrived at.

Matches and rumours of matches always follow on a tournament, and on Monday Alfred Bennett and Kilkenny fought their battle over again in a match of 1000 up for £50 a side. Bennett got away at first, and led by upwards of 250 points in the first 600. Ere the interval was called, however, Kilkenny had pulled up a great deal, and was level at "628 all." After the usual allowance for refreshment had elapsed the match was close and exciting up to the last century, when the Yorkshireman went in front and won by 54 points, his best runs being 55 (14 spots), 45, 99, 52 (10 spots), 60 (all round); and Bennett's, 41 (2 spots), 56 (11 spots), 57 (16 spots), 54 (10 spots). During this game I regret to state that a section of the spectators behaved in the most unfair manner to both the players and Cook (who was absent), to whom the rooms belong, by shouting out offers to bet when either player was in hand, and the marker, J. Owen, better known as Oxford Jonathan, had to threaten to put out the gas to stop it. EXON.

FAMOUS AMATEUR GOLFERS.

THOSE of our readers who are admirers of the game of golf may be interested in the following particulars of the celebrated golfers portrayed on our front page:—

MR. LESLIE M. BALFOUR has been for some time known on the St. Andrew's Links, where he acquired in his youth the pure style of golf. He belongs to an old golfing family. He joined the Royal and ancient club of St. Andrew's in 1873, and in 1874 won the gold medal, and in September, 1875, the King William IV. Medal, which has been considered the blue ribbon of golf.

MR. ARTHUR MOLESWORTH won the Dowie Gold Challenge Cup at the Royal Liverpool Meeting, on Oct. 8, also the Tinley Cup on the same day. He holds also the Duke of Connaught's Star, belonging to the same club.

CAPTAIN EATON, although comparatively speaking a young player, has come wonderfully to the front. He won the Kennard Medal at the Royal Liverpool on Oct. 10, in a small score against a very strong field. He is also the winner of the Bombay Cup, a magnificent prize belonging to the Royal Liverpool.

MR. HENRY LAMB won Sir Hope Grant's Medal on Oct. 27 against a field of first-rate players. Mr. Henry Lamb is one of the most accomplished players of the day. He is well known in the golfing world, and is the only golfer who has held the spring and autumn prizes of St. Andrew's in the same year. Our portrait, the only one available, represents him as taken in 1873. What the Graces were in the cricket world the Lambs were in the golfing, Mr. Henry Lamb being the most successful in medal play.

MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON, of the United Service College, Westward Ho, has in early life found his way into the first ranks of golf. He learned the game under his uncle, Colonel Hutchinson, who did so much for the Royal North Devon Links. Considering the very strong field and the players against him, it is wonderful how he came in. He won the Captain's Medal in 89 strokes, a splendid score.

MR. GEORGE GOSSET left Westward Ho for the London Scottish, where he broke out in his best old form—the accounts of his play have lately appeared—winning two prizes at Wimbledon in scores quite professional, 83 and 85 respectively, on Nov. 3 and Nov. 6. Mr. Gosset has never played on English greens that he has not won something, generally coming in first or near. The following is a list of prizes:—

1868. Royal North Devon, Sir Hope Grant's Gold Challenge and Moncrieff Cross.
1869. R.N.D., Captain's Medal.
1870. Sir Hope Grant's and Captain's Medal.
1871. Hoylake Club Gold Medal, Sir Hope Grant's and Captain's Medal R.N.D.
1872. Captain's Medal R.N.D.
1873. London Scottish, Strachan Cup, Prince of Wales's Medal, Sir Hope Grant's.
1874. Crookham Cup twice; R.N.D., Sir Hope Grant's; London Scottish, Lindsay Bennett's Gold Challenge.
1875. London Scottish, Strachan Final Cup, Lindsay Bennett Medal.

THE CHAMPION SKATERS in the Fen districts have taken advantage of the frost this week to hold several skating races.

A SKATING-RINK WITH REAL ICE is about to be opened at Gamgee's Ice-Works, King's-road, Chelsea. The sheet of ice, which is two inches thick, has a beautifully even surface, and cannot fail to be appreciated by those who prefer the real skate to the roller-skate as a means of exhilarating locomotion. A "rinkle" for the Westminster Aquarium.

DUG OUT.

WHEN hard pressed, reynard often "lays up" in a sewer, and there is nothing for it but to have him "dug out" in the manner exemplified in the illustration. This operation is very often an arduous and difficult job, more particularly if the sewer burrows any great distance under the field. While the picks and spades are being fetched the master has a cut at the farmer with "Hullo! Dobbs. Promised us last year you'd put a grating over that confounded sewer—and here we are again."

"Ah! and right glad I be to see you too, Meister, and hope I'll see you again next year," good humouredly replies Farmer Dobbs.

Truth to tell, the run has been a hard one and everybody is glad of a breather. There is always good cheer at "Old Dobbs's," too, and many accept his genial invitation to "step in and have something." Mrs. Dobbs and her charming and rosy-cheeked daughter speedily produce cherry-brandy ad lib., to which and the Misses Dobbs the young gallants of the hunt pay devoted attention, and much pleasant badinage passes.

One of the "whips," however, soon brings the news that "He's been dug out, Sir, and sacked;" so everybody makes a move for their horses. The sack containing reynard is attached to the saddle of one of the whips; and, after "many thanks" from all the hunt to "Old Dobbs," horses and hounds are soon out of sight. Reynard has a respite, and, being restored to his native wilds, lives to run another day.

"MAJOR FRIDOLIN."

THE late M. Charles Laffitte, better known both in France and England under the pseudonym which heads this article, and whose death has already been briefly recorded, was a social celebrity in the full sense of the term; and, though he never played a leading part in politics, industry, art, or science, he will hereafter be cited by chroniclers of the times in which we live as a representative figure of Parisian society. He died from the effects of an attack of serious apoplexy, which struck him a couple of months ago on the occasion of a visit paid to his racing stud at La Morlaye, near Chantilly. Born in 1802, he was the nephew of the celebrated Jacques Laffitte, who, as the story goes, owed his subsequent fortune to the at first sight trifling circumstance of picking up a pin. Charles Laffitte, when young, was an employé in his uncle's counting-house, and some years later, when the latter rose to the position of Finance Minister under Louis Philippe, he became banker himself. When the establishment of the French Jockey Club was mooted, in 1833, Charles Laffitte eagerly espoused the idea, and largely contributed to the organisation of the now world-renowned cercle of the Rue Scribe. He had then already founded the Croix de Bernis steeplechases, and, since time immemorial, had fulfilled the duties of commissary at the Dieppe réunion, where he first inaugurated his legendary grey blouse bordered with green braid. He first figured as an owner of racehorses in 1822 at Bordeaux, where a mare of his named Legère proved remarkably successful; and in 1843 his colours—a white jacket and light blue cap—made their appearance on the Chantilly racecourse. It was not, however, until 1863-5 that fortune commenced to favour him to any extent; and in that latter year, having successively had dealings with Henry Jennings and T. R. Carter, through whose hands Torticolis, the then leading member of his stud, had passed, he engaged Pratt as his trainer, and became sole proprietor of the well-known La Morlaye Stables.

This establishment had been founded in 1842 by Prince Marc de Beauveau, who continued in name to be its sole possessor until 1858, although already two years previously a private company had been formed to work it. This company was composed of Princes Marc and Etienne de Beauveau, Count Vladimir de Komar, Count Emmanuel de Noailles, and Viscount Aguado; Henry Jennings being its trainer. In 1858 the stable was purchased by Baron Nivière, whose subsequent partnership with Count de Lagrange led to La Morlaye being somewhat sacrificed, to the great disgust of Henry Jennings, who, after a brief interval, resigned his functions. Charles Pratt, who, when M. Laffitte purchased La Morlaye, became its trainer, had hitherto only been known as a jockey; but events soon showed how well fitted he was for his new profession. During his first year of office he turned out Gontran, who, after a spirited race, won for M. Laffitte the coveted Prix du Jockey Club, or Chantilly Derby. Pratt also trained Bigarreau and Sornette, who in 1870 were first in this same race and in the Grand Prix de Paris, a triumph which naturally placed "Major Fridolin's" stud in the first rank. Sornette's victory in the Grand Prix was, however, of itself not an achievement of any very extraordinary merit, spite of the quatrain composed at the epoch by a Gallic sportsman of a poetical turn of mind:—

Milords, nous étions manche à manche
Mais Sornette avec son galop
Nous a donné notre revanche,
Notre revanche de Waterloo!

None of our leading "cracks" took part in the Grand Prix that year; but, however, the subsequent victory of "Major Fridolin's" champion in the race for the Doncaster Cup—in which our chief three-year-olds were present—shows that the daughter of Light possessed a big heart, and that she was not unworthy of her high reputation on the French side of the Channel. La Morlaye Stud sustained a severe loss when Sornette killed herself in jumping a hedge at the Haras of Villebon.

The war of 1870 disorganised, more or less, all the French racing studs, and especially that of M. Charles Laffitte. His campaign in England in 1871 was not very successful, but that of 1872 in France opened more auspiciously. Franc-Tireur winning all the principal prizes for two-year-olds. Sire, Madzja, Finistère, and Borée also frequently carried the white jacket and light blue cap to victory, and all the grand French prizes of 1873 appeared to be at "Major Fridolin's" mercy. Matters did not, however, result as they were expected to. Boiard and Flageolet appeared upon the field, and in the race for the Grand Prix Franc-Tireur only succeeded in running a dead-heat with Montargis for third place. The performances of the other representatives of La Morlaye Stud were, on the whole, creditable, but they far from realised M. Laffitte's anticipations. The campaigns of 1874 and 1875 were far from fructuous, and last November, during the Major's final illness, his entire stud, composed of nineteen horses, was brought to the hammer. Mambrin realised the largest amount, being sold to Baron Seillère for £800; while Agap was purchased by the same owner for £160. M. Malabert secured Bourbon for £380, and Soudard for £400. Bamboula, probably the most promising performer of the lot, was sold privately a few hours before the public sale. Among the other horses sold were Tata, Miss Margot, Bozobel, Elixir, and Ghiaour. The prizes won by the Laffitte stable in 1875 amounted to only £3384.

Curiously enough, although M. Laffitte was a most fervent sportsman and a most accomplished rider—many of my readers will recollect his celebrated game at billiards on horseback—his knowledge of horses was extremely limited; and many are the stories related of practical jokes played upon him by brother members of the Jockey Club far more au fait as regards equine

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Our Captions Critic.

As a Christmas piece *Lord Bateman* at the Alhambra must be classed with the pantomimes of the season and granted the same indulgences which are usually extended to these enter-



Mr. W. Rignold as Lord Bateman
Rough on Soden's Drogan—this

tainments. It is scarcely necessary for me to repeat that the Alhambra is a house of peculiar exigencies, to satisfy which is by no means an easy task. Dialogue here goes for nothing, and should be as sparingly introduced as possible. Alternate song, chorus, ballet inclosed in a framework of magnificent scenery and spectacle, these should compose the exhibition suited to the Alhambra stage. In *Lord Bateman* Mr. J. A. Cave has borne this evidently in mind, and since the first night has used the knife unpityingly upon the libretto. This was perfectly right to do, because as a libretto it is very wretched, being, in some portions, the final achievement of dulness.

It is obvious, however, that in spite of these shortcomings, if the part of Lord Bateman had been intrusted to an actor possessing any of the requisites of burlesque much of the tediousness of the piece might have been overcome. The old story of the *blasé* English nobleman going abroad in search of excitement is not without its humorous side. Added to which the Indian tour of a certain R—y—l P—rs—n—ge gives a topical interest to the subject which does not require pointed allusion. Lord Bateman ought to be well represented as an eccentric and grotesque person with strongly-marked peculiarities of voice, gait, and costume. In short, he ought to be a burlesque caricature. But Mr. William Rignold, yielding to the fascinating temptation of displaying his physical charms, presents us with a figure that looks, talks, and acts in a style utterly inconsistent with the character he is called upon to represent. Mr. Rignold comports himself as one who should say, "Behold a magnificent creature thrust among buffoons and acrobats and expected to make ye merry with unseemly antics. And, do'st think he will do it? No, by his halidome, not so. He will bear himself proudly and haughtily, that all beholders may see how much out of place he is. Royal Dukes in high tragedy are his line of business. The most undignified action to which he will descend will be a solo on the violin, and even this shall be a melancholy strain, for which Dante in the ribald Court of Florence might have written words. As for attempting to enter really into the humour of the play—never! He belongs to a higher order of beings than these comedians and dancing-women." The consequence is that Lord Bateman is made an extremely uninteresting personage. Not even the energetic efforts of Mr. Paulton as Rhadamanthus John, the devoted domestic, can enliven the gloomy hauteur of the noble creature, who resembles more than anything a male copy of those plump-limbed princes of burlesque which Miss Amy Sheridan used to represent.

I have said that Mr. Paulton makes vigorous efforts to keep up the fun. He always does. Give Mr. Paulton a part to play, and in the course of a few weeks he will have so transformed it by the introduction of humorous "gags" and funny "business" as to make the author greatly beholden to him. What an Alhambra piece would be without Mr. Paulton one shrinks from imagining. Where else can you find that strident voice which pierces to the very remotest occupant of the top gallery, to whom the accents of all the others are mute. Rhadamanthus John has not been supplied by his author with anything very funny either to do or say. Nevertheless, he manages to provoke some degree of mirth at moments when all is seeming tedious. In the course of a few more nights I have no doubt that he will have worked up his part into something quite amusing. He did wonders for *Spectresheim*, with absurd rendering of the melodramatic Baron and constant exclamation, *You'll be sorry for this*. I do not think, however, that Rhadamanthus John affords him the same opportunity for the exercise of his ingenuity.

Mr. J. H. Jarvis, who would have been better suited with the part of Lord Bateman, plays a burlesque sea captain; but, beyond a very grotesque costume and a property telescope constructed to look round the corner, he has nothing noticeable either to say or do.

Mr. Frank Hall, as the Big Bashaw, also wears an extremely ludicrous dress, which renders his dancing very comic. An absurd savage with an Irish brogue, and styled King Mac O'Karven, is played by Mr. Ross with some spirit. His brogue, however, is the conventional one common to the English stage.

A word about the ladies. Although Miss Emma Chambers, whose vivacity in burlesque is well known, has been upon this occasion placed in a part inferior to those which she has latterly played, I see no reason why she should do her business in such a listless and, I had almost said, sulky manner. It is very true that the part of Bridget affords her but little scope for the display of her talents. But she does not even do as well with it as she could if she tried. She walks about the stage looking disgruntled with the piece, and everyone concerned in it. I should strongly recommend Miss Chambers to put a better face on it, and resolute, as far as she can, her natural liveliness.

Miss Pauline Markham, as Lady Mabel, has an opportunity

of showing her shapely limbs, attired in a very pretty-coloured brown costume. Once or twice she sings pleasantly enough.

Miss Lennox Gray, as Sophia, daughter of the Bashaw, naturally has the principal singing part. Her voice has lost nothing of its power and her style has improved.

The song which obtains most applause is sung by Miss Eily Beaumont, a young lady whom I do not remember to have seen before. She sings "The Old, Old Song" with marked effect, which causes it to be redemandated enthusiastically.

The great merits of *Lord Bateman*, however, are found neither in the actors nor in the piece itself, but in the scenery



Mr. Frank Hall as
"The Big Bashaw"

spectacle, and dresses. I invariably have occasion to eulogise Mr. Calcott's scenery, and on this occasion I cannot do less. Whether in landscape backgrounds, or in elaborate interiors, he always displays a delicate feeling for colour and a happy fancy.

With regard to the designing of the costumes, Mr. Alfred Maltby has on this occasion been eminently successful. His grotesque dresses are the most comic of the kind that I have seen upon one stage, and those of the ballet and chorus are distinguished by the taste and harmony displayed in the selection of colours and arrangement of design. Among the many brilliantly-designed ballets I have seen at the Alhambra, I do not remember one equal to that which occurs in *Lord Bateman*. M. Jacobi has arranged the music with his usual skill and taste.

Here, again, is an opportunity for contrasting the two dancers, Pitteri and Pertoldi; and the contrast is highly interesting to those who admire good dancing. It is so difficult to decide between Pitteri and Pertoldi, as to which of them has the better style, that I will not obtrude my opinion. That they are both excellent and well-trained dancers is beyond question. To express the difference of these styles, I should say that Pitteri's style is pure motion, noiseless and perfectly symmetrical; while that of Pertoldi, though more vivacious and decidedly fascinating, is suggestive of sound. Pertoldi touches the earth, Pitteri treads on the air.

To The Right Honourable
Benjamin Spleen Esq.
Prime Minister.

Dear Sir

The time has arrived for me to inform you that from the beginning my articles have been written with one object, namely the liberation of that unhappy noble Sir Arthur Ostrom who is now languishing in jail. My articles have been received with the greatest applause by the entire public (including the Royal Family). Therefore it must be evident to you that the liberation of the Martyrs is universally desired.

Push forward the hands of the clock
And oblige

Yours truly
Caption Critic



Scene. The 'Canteen' of the Alhambra.
1st Super. Allow me to offer you a tract
2nd Jits. Oh thanks, will you have a cup
of tea?

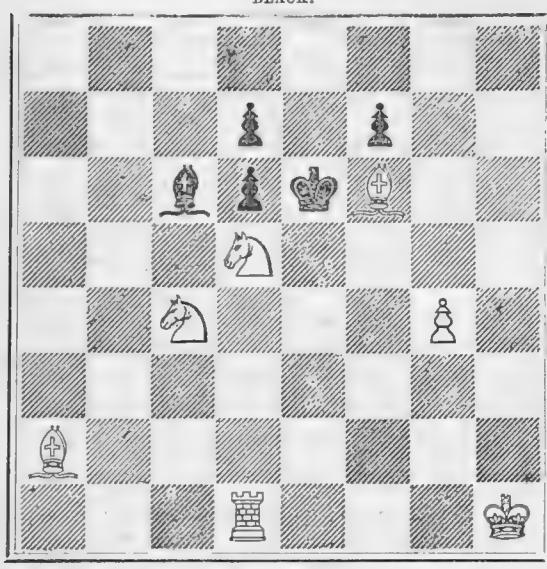
Generally considered, the production of *Lord Bateman* is creditable to Mr. J. A. Cave. During this gentleman's connection with the Alhambra he has amply proved his managerial abilities, especially as regards the stage itself. Many people are surprised at his leaving this house; for certainly he is a decided improvement upon previous Alhambra managers. Has he been a too radical reformer with regard to the "canteen"? or in what way does he find himself unequal to the post? A reformed "canteen," to be sure, must be a doleful thing, and for what once was a fairy paradise for the *jeunesse dorée*—where Lord Wilfred Maggot or Count Cremorne might indulge the cheap but ineffable pleasures of conversing with airily-clad coryphées—to be transformed into a dingy drinking-room, thronged with nothing but odious male supers, and as prosaic and business-like as any ordinary theatre, is very melancholy, and altogether out of keeping with the traditions of the Alhambra. The Lord Chamberlain ought never to interfere with the Alhambra. Its directors are quite capable of looking after it.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. ANDERSON.—If Black take the Rook with King, White mates by 2. Q takes O.
H. R. DENNE.—Both the solutions are correct.
I. S. T., F. C. HAMILTON, B. B., H. WINTER, MARTYR, and A. H. S. have forwarded correct solutions of Problem No. 80.
W. J. D.—A very neat idea; but it unfortunately admits of a very commonplace solution by 1. B to Q 2 (ch).
W. C. BOWYER.—The problem, we regret to say, is still unsound. If, in reply to your own first move of Q takes Q P, Black play 1. Kt to Q 3, White can mate by 2. Q takes Kt, or 2. Q to Q B 5.
* Owing to an inadvertence, several communications from chess correspondents were unfortunately destroyed last week. We trust that correspondents whose letters have not been acknowledged will accept this explanation.

PROBLEM No. 82.
By Mr. R. B. WORMALD.
BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

A CHESS DRAMA.

SCENE.—The Divan. Hour, Six p.m. Enter Distinguished Country Amateur, who seats himself at the end table near the window.

D. C. A.—Waiter, cup of coffee and cigar.

Alfred.—Yezzir.

D. C. A.—(Addressing Modest Youth, who is examining a chess problem at the same table.) Play chess, Sir!

Modest Youth.—Yes, a little.

D. C. A.—Like a game?

Modest Y.—With pleasure, Sir.

(They sit down, and draw for first move, which the D. C. A. wins).

D. C. A.—Perhaps I ought to tell you that I am the president and leading player of the well-known Stoke Pogis Chess Club. I am in the habit of giving the odds of the Rook to all our members, with the exception of Mr. Black, a very strong amateur, who takes only the Knight from me; but I invariably win five games to two. Know Mr. Black, Sir? He was here about a fortnight ago, and defeated Bird, Boden, Wisker, Macdonnell, and several others. Will gladly render you any odds you may like to ask for.

Modest Y.—Thank you, Sir. I shall be happy to take any odds you care to give me. But suppose we play the first game on even terms, and then try the Knight.

D. C. A.—Oh, certainly. Very well—very well, Sir. Be it so. Even, if you must have it; but I dare say, Sir, we shall find our level in time. My move, I think. (Whistles "She wore a wreath of roses"). There, Sir! 1. P to K4.

Modest Y.—1. P to K4.

D. C. A.—Come; I'll see how you defend the gambit. Nothing like a gambit to test young players. 2. P to K B 4.

Modest Y.—2. P takes P.

D. C. A.—Oho! he takes it. Quite right, Sir. I always recommend a beginner, when playing with a proficient to accept the gambit. It is an excellent lesson. 3. Kt to K B 3.

Modest Y.—3. P to K Kt 4.

D. C. A.—Oh, you know something of the books, I perceive. 4. P to K R 4.

Modest Y.—4. P to K 5.

D. C. A.—5. Kt to K 5.

Modest Y.—5. Kt to K B 3.

D. C. A.—Oh! that old story. Aren't you aware, my dear Sir, that that defence is exploded, obsolete, fossil, and utterly untenable? You ought to have played 5. B to Kt 2. Well, you must take the consequences. I never give or take back a move. Of course, I answer with 6. B to Q B 4.

Modest Y.—6. P to Q 4.

D. C. A.—7. P takes P.

Modest Y.—7. B to Q 3.

D. C. A.—Wrong again, I declare! Don't you know that 7. B to Kt 2 is vastly superior. (Whistles "That I loved her still the same.") 8. P to Q 4.

Modest Y.—8. Kt to K 4.

D. C. A.—(Lillibulero-ero-ero). 9. K to B 2.

Modest Y.—9. Kt to K 6.

D. C. A.—I thought so. The very move a tyro would make. Just what I wanted. Now, Sir, what do you say to 11. Kt to Kt 6 (dis ch)? Where does your Lordship propose to play the attacked Queen? I flatter myself it will take more than a twif of odds to bring us together. Play away, Sir.

Modest Y.—11. Kt to K 5 (dis ch).

D. C. A.—Tis—h! To think that I could allow such a fine game to end in perpetual check! 13. K to R sq.

Modest Y.—13. R P takes Kt. Mate!

D. C. A.—Dolt, ass, fool, blundering idiot that I am! I've an awful headache—ought never to have sat down to chess. (Seizes his hat, and exit. Fragmentary imprecations on the staircase.)

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—John Scott, N.B. The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder, to be had of all Chemists, 3s, and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[ADVT.]

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Volhist.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND.

In the subjoined hand the players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given—A and B being partners, against C and D. The index (A) denotes the lead, and the asterisk the card that wins the trick.

THE HANDS.

A's HAND.
Hearts—Queen, Knave.
Spades—Ace, King, 6, 2.
Clubs—Queen, 9, 8, 3.
Diamonds—Ace, King, Queen.

C's HAND.
Hearts—4.
Spades—Queen, Knave, 10.
Clubs—Ace, King, 10, 5, 4.
Diamonds—9, 8, 5, 2.

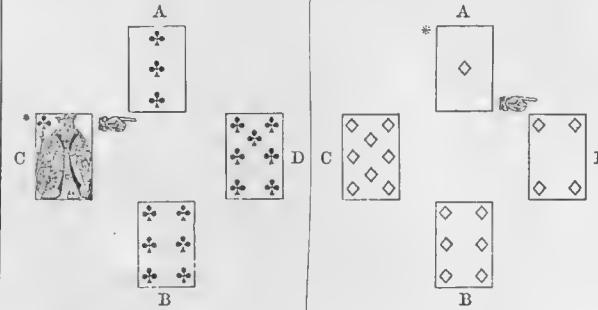
D's HAND.
Hearts—Ace, King, 9, 8, 6.
Spades—9, 5, 4.
Clubs—7, 2.
Diamonds—Knave, 10, 4.

B's HAND.

Hearts—10, 7, 5, 3, 2.
Spades—8, 7, 3.
Clubs—Knave, 6.
Diamonds—7, 6, 3.
Score—4 all.

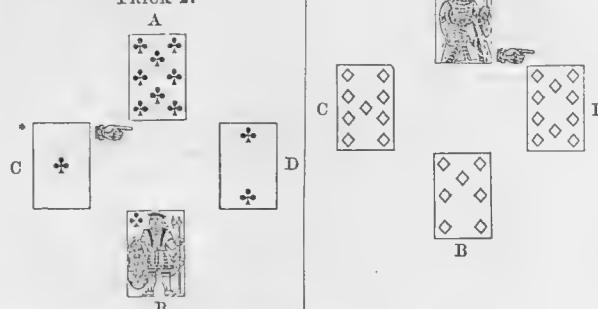
B turns up the Two of Hearts.

TRICK 1.



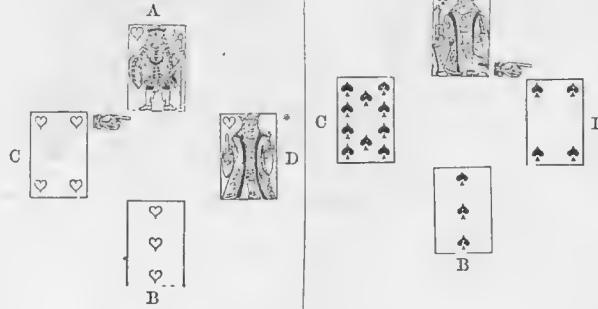
C opens his strongest suit, and D commences his "call" for trumps. The policy of the "Blue Peter" is, perhaps, questionable, for though he has a powerful trump hand, he is weak in the three plain suits.

TRICK 2.



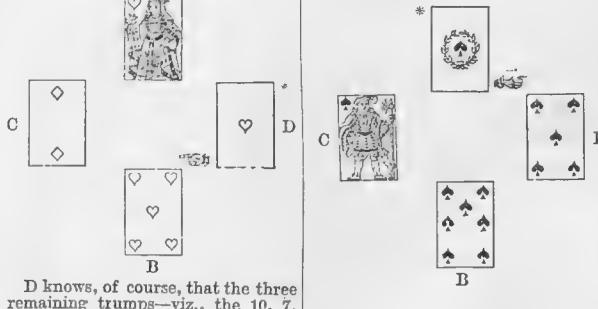
D completes his call for trumps.

TRICK 3.



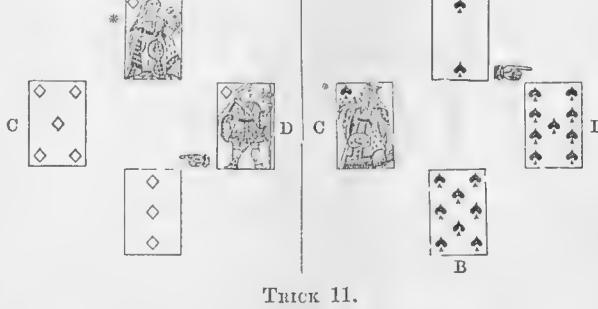
D knows, of course, that the three remaining trumps—viz., the 10, 7, and 2—are in B's hand. B retains the turn-up card as long as possible.

TRICK 4.

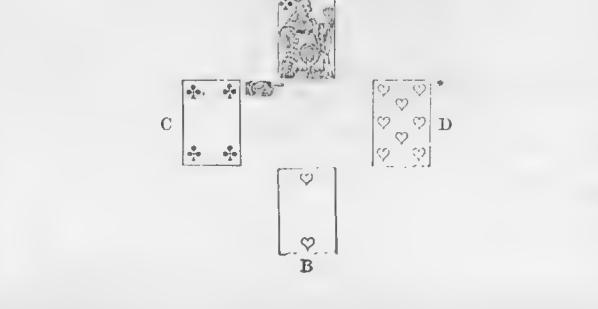


D knows, of course, that the three remaining trumps—viz., the 10, 7, and 2—are in B's hand. B retains the turn-up card as long as possible.

TRICK 5.



TRICK 6.



This is the crucial trick of the hand; each having made five tricks, and the odd trick wins the game. D knows from the fall of the Knave at Trick 2 that B can hold no more Clubs, and therefore trumps with the Eight, with the intention of compelling B to overtrump, in which case, D being left with the tenace (the 9 and 6 over the 7 and 2) must win the two remaining tricks and the game. B, however, foreseeing this, properly refuses to overtrump, and by throwing away the small trump, compels D to lead trumps up to him, and thus makes the odd trick and game. This is an illustration of the so called "Grand Coup."

ANTELOPE-SHOOTING ON THE PRAIRIE.

The Americans are fond of "big" things, and the scene depicted in our Illustration is "a big hunt" got up to kill buffalo, deer, antelope, and grouse on the vast prairies through which the Pacific Railroad runs, and which are well stocked with game. These parties are generally got up in New York upon the same principle as Cook's excursions are in England. When the train arrives within sight of a herd it is stopped, and the passengers, alighting, commence banging away. The execution is often very great, many hundreds of head of game—more particularly antelope—being knocked over. The game having been collected and deposited in the train, it moves on to another "happy hunting-ground." This sort of thing must be as terrible for the buffalo as it is aggravating to the Red Indian. The last time we made any inquiry upon the subject, we were informed that "it was seven days now from New York to find buffalo, and they were rapidly being exterminated." When the telegraph-poles were first put up alongside the Pacific Railroad, the buffaloes persisted in knocking them down by using them as "rubbing-posts." Some clever employé conceived the idea that by screwing sharp nails into the telegraph-poles the buffaloes would not find "rubbing" so pleasant. On the contrary, however, these sagacious animals no sooner found out that this novel species of "comb" had been provided for them by the liberality of the Pacific Railroad directors, than they commenced excoriating their hides more vigorously than ever; and there was not a "rubbing-post" to be found anywhere along the line. The Remington and Rigby rifles, however, have done their work, and the poor buffalo, like the unregenerate redskin, will soon be a thing of the past.

HUNTING AND SLEIGHING.

The return of wintry weather having put a stop to hunting for a week, our modern Nimrods may appreciate all the more the counterfeit presents of their favourite sport, by Mr. Sturgess and Mr. Goddard, printed in our pages this week; and, should the mantle of snow be spread over the country for yet a few more days, frozen-out hunting-men who have "got no work to do-o-o" may not take unkindly to a hint suggested by the dashing sledding scene engraved on page 397. Why shouldn't sledding come into fashion. As Lord William Lennox writes in one of his entertaining books, "The gracefully-formed carriage, the high-stepping horse, the splendid furs, the tinkling bells, and an agreeable companion by your side, fully come up to the graphic description given by Sam Slick, and make one long for sufficient frost and snow to introduce this pastime into England." Now the frost and snow are with us who will act upon this seasonable advice, and revive an invigorating pastime which the Queen used to enjoy in the happiest days of her reign?

Correspondence.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

MR. GILBERT A BECKETT AND "HAPPY LAND."

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

Sir,—In an article appearing in your number of Saturday week last, and dealing with the dramatic labours of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the writer, in a passing allusion to *The Happy Land*, states that that play was "written by Mr. Gilbert himself." This is a mistake. *The Happy Land* was the joint work of two pens, of which one was mine; and as such it was publicly announced in the usual advertisements, as also in the titlepage of the printed book, at the time of its production.

This fact must have escaped the notice of your correspondent, otherwise he would not have done me, as he has, no doubt quite unconsciously, the injustice of suggesting that I suffered my name to be labelled on work that was not my own.

Though beside the purpose of this letter, I avail myself of the opportunity it affords me of stating that, as regards the conception of the *Happy Land*, the whole idea, scheme, and plan of the piece—in short, all that gave it its distinctive claim to originality—was due, not to me, but solely and entirely to my collaborateur.

I volunteer this information, not as a matter of any public interest, but because, since in vindication of the appearance of my name in connection with work for which I am responsible, I am compelled to break a customary silence, I cannot do so without disclaiming for myself any share in the merit of that for which I am not.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Dinan, Jan. 10, 1876.

GILBERT A BECKETT.

"THE SHAUGHRAUN" AND THE FENIAN PRISONERS.

LETTER FROM MR. BOUCIAULT TO MR. DISRAELI.
Mr. Dion Boucicault has addressed the following letter to Mr. Disraeli:

"Sir,—During the last five months we have been representing before the English people in London a play entitled *The Shaughraun*. The work is founded upon an episode in the Fenian insurrection of 1866. As a literary effort it has no pretension, therefore no poetic clothing disguises its subject; it possesses no wit to divert public attention from this simple story. A young Irish gentleman has been tried, convicted, and transported to the penal colonies for complicity with the rebellion. He escapes to America, and from thence ventures to visit his home in Ireland. A police emissary discovers his presence, he is re-arrested, consigned to prison, from which he escapes, and eventually is restored to freedom by a general pardon, granted (under poetical licence) during your Ministry. This pardon is the *Deus ex machina* of the drama.

"I call to witness two hundred thousand of the people of London who have been present at this representation during one hundred nights; I call to witness the press that recorded the result, to declare that I have stated simply and without guile the scenes and incidents composing this work; and I call the whole world to witness this spectacle—the Government of England, with a full and noble reliance on the loyalty of the English people, authorising and approving the representation of this play, thus inviting daily a jury of two thousand citizens to hear and pronounce their feelings on a great political question.

"In all countries and in all times, since the political license of Aristophanes was reprobated by the Athenian tyrant to the present day, when the French censor watches with minute jealousy every expression of their drama, the theatre has been acknowledged a sensitive test of public opinion. Some persons may hold the expression of public sympathy in a theatre to be a matter of little weight; but a little weight has turned a scale, and a feather thrown on the surface of the sea may serve to indicate its tide or current. It was surely not the cunning of the dramatist, nor the great merit of the actors, that lifted the whole audience to their feet as cheer after cheer shook the old walls of the national theatre when the fugitive convict escaped from his prison. Surely there is no attempt throughout the play to deceive the spectators as to the nature of the sympathy they extend; they are plainly invited to sympathise with one who is endeavouring to elude the penalty of a great offence. Why do they watch his progress with interest? and when an announcement is made that her Majesty's pardon has been granted to all the political prisoners, why are these words greeted with hearty applause? May we answer: It is because the English people have begun to forgive the offence and heartily desire to forget it? So I believed when I wrote this work with the deliberate intention to ask that question in plain language. And I have done so. The question has been asked nightly one hundred times to two thousand people of all classes, from the Prince and Princess of Wales to the humblest mechanic in this city, and there has been no dissentient voice upon it—no, not one? I have delayed calling your attention to this matter until the last moment, when I withdraw the play for ever from the London stage.

"I am no politician, Sir, but a working man in that guild of literature whereof you are the most distinguished living member. If I venture out of my mental depth in approaching this subject, hold out generously your hand to one who loves his country and its people, and feels that affection to be his only eloquence.

"All the leaders of the Fenian outbreak are at large; a few obscure men still linger in chains, and these are, I believe, the only British citizens now in prison for a political offence. I am not capable of judging what benefit the spectacle of these sufferers may be to society, but I can see the detriment occasioned when punishment exceeding the measure of retribution makes justice appear capricious and tends to turn the criminal into a martyr. I have seen and I know that towards these twelve or fourteen miserable men are directed the sympathies of twenty millions of English hearts in American breasts—English hearts that sincerely respect this mother country and would love her dearly if she would let them. One crowning act of humanity would be worth a dozen master-strokes of policy; and the great treaty to be established with the United States is neither the Canadian fisheries nor the border line on the Pacific Ocean—it is the hearty cohesion of the English and the American people.

"Those who say the time is not come for the exercise of clemency forget that mercy is not a calculation, but a noble impulse—that no man keeps a fallen foe under his heel but a coward who dares not let him up. In reply to such objection I would answer: If the time has not come for the prudent exercise of her Majesty's prerogative, let your noble impatience push forward the hands of the clock; its stroke will be heard in millions of grateful hearts, and your own, Sir, will not feel the worse either here or hereafter.—Your very obedient servant,

"DION BOUCICAULT.

"Theatre Royal, Drury-lane."

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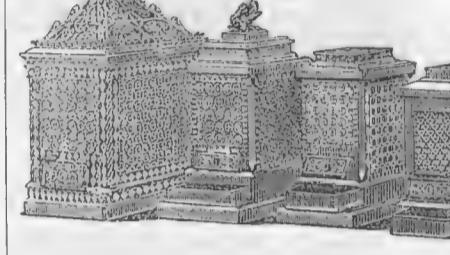
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1876.

If the British funds are reckoned to be the pulse of the nation, we may gather fairly trustworthy indications of the health of the turf from entries for important races in each year. Of course the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger entries made in July shadow forth pretty accurately the state of the racing barometer; but we must always await ratification of the promises held forth by the great races of the season in the *Calendar* which issues from Messrs. Weatherby's office on the second Saturday of January. Periods of panic and confidence seem to recur with the same uncertainty which marks the "vicissitudes of temperature" on the Stock Exchange; and we may be sure that the prevalence of undue excitement is as bad a sign for the welfare of sport as it is for the "pulse of the nation." We have not failed to remark that the forfeit-list, which should be of proportionate length with the number of nominations obtained, becomes unduly swelled on the occasion of such "magnificent entries" as were chronicled in the "bubble" days of ten years ago. Prodigality among patrician supporters of the turf invariably finds imitators among the lower sort, who mostly overreach themselves in the attempt to match themselves against men of superior calibre, and consequently encounter bitter falls. Because my Lord has chosen to make himself responsible for a "pyramid of forfeits," which his resources are ill able to redeem, his retainers, forsooth, must needs follow suit; and we are indulged with the spectacle of an individual, who owns, perhaps, one leg of a Kingsbury platter, indulging his vanity by seeing his name enrolled with that of his patron in the list of "subs" to a Derby or St. Leger. Such things have been; but the mushroom tribes seem to be fast dying out, and we are glad to be able to chronicle a change for the better in this department, and to find that the advance made is a genuine one, and not due to the influences of expediency or of fashion. After the storm of extravagant prices, heavy betting, and a foolish and indiscriminate system of engaging horses, there naturally came a reaction, and enemies to racing took up their parable forthwith, for the purpose of showing that the sport was losing ground, and

that its ultimate downfall was near at hand. We may fairly argue from things in general, and in particular from the satisfactory broadsheet issued from Burlington-street, that racing was never more popular or better supported by the right sort of people than at the present time. Glancing through the entries for various important races of 1876, we are struck with the comparative scarcity of assumed names, and the significant preponderance of subscribers who take more than a passing interest in sport, and have reputations to lose. These are the sort of responsible men by whom the public elect to stand, instead of giving their allegiance to ephemeral worshippers of sensation, and the "great unknown," of many names and many colours, who come like shadows and so depart. Occasionally we stumble across names rendered unsavoury by recollections of such infamous proceedings as are associated with the names of Fraulein and The Wizard; but, happily, they have become scarecrows in place of snares and pitfalls; and the public, "once bit, twice wary," pass by on the other side. And though many of the "good old sort," such as Glasgow, Hawley, Merry, and Rothschild, have been lost to us by death or retirement, their places have been filled by men, perhaps of less experience, but of equally honourable aims and pursuits; and we are nearer to the accomplishment of our hopes than we were years ago, when it was confidently asserted that racing and its followers were doomed to "the dogs."

For obvious reasons we put on one side the consideration of entries for handicaps, and address ourselves more especially to the discussion of important two-year-old races and the great weight-for-age contests. Most of the old-fashioned stakes amply sustain their reputation, and, if nominators are much the same year by year, we are generally treated to a fair set-to on Newmarket Heath and elsewhere, and we should be sorry to see such great produce stakes as the Buckenham, the Ham, and the Gratiwicke omitted from the pages of the *Calendar*. So soon as the revenues of the Jockey Club begin to derive the expected benefit from the new stand upon the heath, we may expect them to turn their attention towards supplementing the important two-year-old races contested upon their domains. It is extraordinary what a fillip even an extra "century" imparts to such old standing dishes as the Woodcote at Epsom and the New at Ascot, and we find that the stewards of the latter meeting have framed the conditions of the great two-year-old race of the Cup day on quite a princely scale of liberality, and have encouraged owners to "run out" their horses by adding handsome amounts for the owners of the second and third horses, wherewith to cover the inevitable "expenses." Biennials and triennials show no falling off in popularity, and we are glad to notice plenty of new blood among the subscribers. Every year we find Ascot holding a stronger position than ever among her rivals; and this must be attributed solely to the solid inducements held forth for owners to patronise the Royal meeting. Goodwood must long since have been reduced to the rank of a second-class meeting were it not for her aristocratic connections, Royal patronage, and holiday attractions for a section of society which is always likely to keep the Sussex gathering in fashion. As to provincial meetings, they seem to jog along pretty comfortably in the old style, and cannot be expected to increase their annual business to any great extent, depending more upon local support than on any features of general interest in their programmes. Some country clerks of courses will be the poorer this year by the withdrawal of their Queen's Plate; but they must sustain their spirits by the reflection that they will receive a double measure of Royal patronage for their next venture. Two-year-old races form, of course, the principal feature among races which closed last week; but the Ascot Gold Cup and Alexandra Plate continue to hold out their old attractions, although they may not comprise among their entries a worthy successor to the mighty Doncaster. Altogether, we may be said to commence the new year with every prospect of a season above the average of its immediate predecessors. The improvement exhibited is of a gradual instead of a spasmodic character; and there seems to be no danger of a return to those days of sensation and panic which characterised the so-called "golden age" of the plunger. There seems, too, to be less of that insane competition for popularity among promoters of race-meetings, which, however greatly it may benefit the public in the shape of added money to races and steeple-chases, is after all but a mere flash in the pan, incapable of being sustained without a ruinous limitation of profits. By mutual agreement, things have shaken down to their proper level, and there appears to be an excellent chance of the wheel of fixtures revolving smoothly and well; and without the "clashing," so fatal to harmony and good will.

WILD-GOOSE SHOOTING IN HOLLAND.

But, for the water-fowl the air's too dry;
The geese find out there's no grass in the sky,
And say a common's needful for their health.

Translation from Aristophanes.

Our illustration represents a well-known ruse put in practice by sportsmen for circumventing wild geese in Holland. On first arriving in strange waters these birds are comparatively tame, and there is not much difficulty in approaching them, but they afterwards become extremely shy, and the utmost skill of the sportsman in attempting to approach them is sometimes unavailing. Wild geese often alight just before dusk in fields of green wheat, on the blades of which they feed greedily, always taking up their position in the most central spot of the plain, and seldom within range of an ordinary shoulder gun. But they are not always secure in their rural position on the farmer's fields. Indeed, most farmers in Holland know how to get at them; and by means of a waggon full of boughs of trees, underneath which the shooters are concealed, is a very favourite one with them. The modus operandi is as follows:—Having allowed a "gaggle" of geese to feed undisturbed on a certain place for some time, and to become habituated to the presence and the occupations of the farm labourers, upon a given day several farmers assemble, and, in order to avoid giving any cause for suspicion, get into a waggon, to the number of six on each side, as many as can shoot comfortably, and are covered over by servants with boughs of trees; the waggon then goes jolting along parallel to the flocks of geese, and when it arrives opposite to them, and at about forty yards

distance, the concealed sportsmen pour in a deadly volley, which not unfrequently turns over as many as forty geese or more. In the "good old times" wild-goose-shooting by means of a "stalking-horse" was a favourite sport in this country; and the bird itself was much relished by the Commonalty. This penchant for wild-goose shooting and eating gave occasion to some "droll" to indite the following stanza:—

In this late dearth of wit, when Jose and Jack
Were hunger-bit for want of fowl and sack,
His nobleness found out this happy means
To mend their dyet with these wild-goose scones.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT MADRAS RACES.

The Special Correspondent of the *Standard*, writing from Madras on Dec. 17, gives the following interesting account of the races got up in honour of the Prince of Wales:—

AN EARLY START.

It was an early start for the races next morning, seven miles to drive and the first race set for seven o'clock, an hour, as far as my experience went, altogether unprecedented for a horse-race. The University race was once rowed at 8.30 a.m., but that was an altogether exceptional occurrence, and seven was altogether unprecedented. From my own sensations at the hour of five a.m., at which I was awakened, I am convinced that should the House of Commons ever desire to put a check upon horse-racing they have only to enact that all meetings shall commence at seven and terminate at nine, and the thing would be finished. At five o'clock it was, I need not say, quite dark; at five minutes past five, while I was hesitating about getting up, the rain began to come down in sheets. I heard it with a feeling of joy, told the punkah wallah to set the punkah over my bed again, and prepared for sleep. Ten minutes later the sky cleared up, and there was nothing for it but to get up. Our boys brought us in some tea at half-past five—it is one of the good points of travel in the East that at what hour soever you start your boys will have got tea for you—and by a quarter to six we were off. It was a pleasant drive, at first by moonlight, and for the last two or three miles by the grey light of early day. At first we had the broad level road nearly to ourselves. Then we came upon carriages turning out from the great compounds, or upon little native huckeries, mere covered boxes drawn by wretched ponies or by fast-trotting oxen. Then we overtook family conveyances, long carts drawn by two great steady Brahmin bulls, with their high humps and long, drooping ears. Natives on foot, too, were hurrying along through the mud in increasing numbers with every half-mile we progressed. Now the carriages, shigrams, and bullock carts form a nearly continuous line; the shouts of our runners to the slower vehicles or for the people on foot are incessant, while occasionally we ourselves are passed by some native Rajah in his carriage drawn by horses worth their fifteen hundred or two thousand rupees each, or some young merchant or civil servant of sporting proclivities whisks past us at express speed. We begin to feel that we are going to the races: there is something sporting in the air—the huckeries are the costers' carts, the bullock carts the tradesmen's light waggons with the whole family. There are no fours, no four-horse busses, no drags, and certainly no chaff; but everyone seems merry and good-tempered. Here and there are spare horses under a tree by the roadside, to furnish a change for owners residing on the other side of Madras. The very road is English in its appearance. There are few palms or other feathery foliaged trees near Madras, and the outline of the verdure is quite European. On both sides of the road for miles are fine trees, with something of an oak's appearance at first sight. They are, however, banian-trees, few of which at present have thrown down fresh roots from their branches. The grass by the roadside is green and fresh, and the mansions in their well-wooded parks recall memories of Datchet and Staines. We are too quiet and sober, for the Derby—it might be Ascot to which we are going. Nor was the idea of an English racecourse destroyed by the appearance of the course itself, which we reached by a steepish ascent from a broad but shallow stream. The Grand Stand was English in its design and appearance; beneath were stables for the horses, above two ranges of galleries, with a small look-out still higher up. In front was an inclosure—it could not be called a lawn, for it was grassless; it could not be called a betting-ring, for there was no betting. It was simply an inclosure where the male occupants of the stand lounged, chatted, and smoked, taking their places during the races on a stand at the foot of the main building. It must not be supposed that the patrons of the Indian ring do not bet; they lay their money, but not in the English fashion, adopting in preference, singularly enough, both

THE AMERICAN AND FRENCH METHODS OF GAMBLING.

For the benefit of those who are ignorant of these methods, I may describe them briefly. Upon, say the evening before the race, the names of the subscribers to the lottery are put into a hat, and into another the names of the horses to run and a number of blanks to make up the number equal to that of the subscribers. The names and numbers are then drawn precisely as in an English sweep. This, which is the end of the proceeding, except as to the division of the stakes among the winners, with us, is with the Americans and Anglo-Indians only the beginning of the excitement. The horses to run are put up to auction, and in America the bidding is divided between the stake and the holder of the horse's number; in India the sum bid is paid to the holder and an equal sum to the stake. The result is exactly similar, as in America a man might bid a thousand pounds for the favourite, knowing that half went to the pool, half to the holder; while the Anglo-Indian would only bid five hundred, knowing he would have to pay an equal sum to the pool. Thus the pool, originally worth say £1000, becomes increased by the sale of each of the horse's number until it may amount to £3000; and the purchaser of the first horse put up to auction is really ignorant of the value of the stake for which he is bidding, as the subsequent horses may go high or low, and the value of the stake thus exceed or be less than the sum he calculated it to be when making his bid. The French system of pari-mutuel is simple enough. Any one invests any sum he likes upon the horse he thinks will win. The total is added up and divided after the race between those who have backed the winner in proportion to the amount invested. If, therefore, twenty people have between them invested £1000 upon the favourite, while only a like sum is invested upon the whole of the remaining pool, each layer would receive only a sum equal to the amount he invested. If, upon the other hand, some acute man invested one pound only on an outsider disregarded by all else, and that horse won, he would carry off the whole £2000 stakes. In India as in France, the race committee, who here manage the affair, deduct five per cent commission on the total stakes, this commission going to the club fund. It might, therefore, occur, that in a race where one horse is a hot favourite, all the money might be invested on him, and in that case the investors

would, in the event of his winning, receive the money they invested again, minus five per cent—a most extraordinary result of backing a winning horse. To return to

THE RACECOURSE AT GUINDY.

The course is flat, is a mile and a half round, and the view of the race from the stand is unobstructed from end to end, there being no tree or other impediment upon the plain. Over the whole inclosed space the grass was growing green and rank, broken only by earth banks raised for the steeplechase which was to close the meeting. Upon all sides of the course the trees rose thickly. Not a palm was visible, and the appearance of the distant foliage was perfectly English, an appearance heightened by what appeared to me to be firs in the distance. Behind the belts of trees, two miles or so away, rose a steep detached hill called "the Mount." Close to this are the barracks of the Royal Artillery stationed here. Beyond was a range of steep but not lofty hills. Altogether the landscape was more English than anything which I have seen since I left home, and it needed only the black-coated throng, and the booths, and a variety of horse shouts and noises of all kinds to imagine oneself on an unusually fine and spacious provincial racecourse. A glance at the people sufficed to dispel the illusion. Clustered thickly opposite the Grand Stand, and lining the course along the whole run in, were a white-garbed throng. These were kept back by policemen in dark blue flannel tunic and vest and red turban, who used their light sticks in a way which would have brought a hundred indignant letters of protest had it been done by an English policeman on an English crowd. All through India I have observed the great willingness upon the part of the native police to use their sticks. They do not, however, hit hard, and the natives consider it as a matter of course. The entrance to Guindy Park, at which the Prince was staying, was but a few hundred yards from the back of the Grand Stand, and along the road before his arrival fully as many natives were gathered as had congregated upon the whole of the race-ground. The stand was well filled by seven o'clock, showing that early hours do not keep away the fair Madrassees when upon pleasure bent, and, judging from their appearance, early hours seem to agree with them. In very few cases was the pallid complexion which we attribute to Indian ladies to be seen, and there was quite as fair a sample of English womanhood and of English beauty to be seen as at any gathering of equal size at home. Punctually to the moment the Prince arrived with the same escort as upon his entry into the town. He was loudly and heartily cheered as he entered the inclosure and took his seat in the corner of the lower gallery reserved for him and his suite. Next to them sat the great native chiefs, whose apparel appears to be equally gorgeous upon all occasions.

THE RACES

were as follow, all the cups being, as will be seen, the presents of various of the Rajahs present:

The ROTHSAY PLATE, a cup, value 1000 rupees, presented by the Rajah of Caravaitnugger, and 1000 rupees from the fund. A free handicap for all horses except Arabs and Mysore bred. One mile.

Mr. Dunbar's Trumpeter, 9st 5lb Thorpe 1
Mr. Wellknown's Timbertop, 10st 9lb Clarke 0
Mr. Pilgrim's Fenella, 10st 1lb Arnett 0
Mr. Noel's Fireman, 9st 5lb Cavanagh 0
Mr. Langford's The Bird, 8st 6lb Gooch 0

The DENMARK PLATE, a Cup, value 500 rupees, presented by H.H. the Rajah of Cochinchina, K.C.S.I., and 500 rupees from the fund; a free handicap for all horses. G.R., half a mile.

Mr. Covey's Minnie, 9st 13lb Clarke 1
Mr. Henry's Azalea, 11st 6lb Owner 0
Mr. Irvine's Eclipse, 11st Chapman 0
Mr. William Morgan's Red Gauntlet, 10st 7lb Mr. Taaffe 0
Mr. William Morgan's Gazelle, 10st 7lb Colonel Beresford 0
Mr. Dunbar's Doncaster, 10st Captain Elmhurst 0
Mr. Downall's Bushman, 10st Mr. Murray's Prattler, 10st Arnett 0
Mr. Apparow's Lady Lightning, 8st 0

The PRINCE OF WALES'S PLATE, a Gold Plate, value 1500 rupees, presented by the Rajah of Venacagherry, C.S.I., and 1000 rupees from the fund. One mile and a half.

Mr. Dunbar's Grass Widow, 7st 1lb Owner 1
The Dunbar Cony's Sir Frederick, 9st Chapman 0
Mr. Aga Jan's Denmark, 8st 13lb Colonel Beresford 0
Mr. Apparow's Queen of India, 8st 11lb Owner 0

The ALEXANDRA PLATE, a cup value 1000 rupees, presented by H.H. the Maharajah of Vizianagram, K.C.S.I., and a cup value 500 rupees, presented by H.E. Rajah Sukaram Row, Sahib of Tanjore, and 1000 rupees from the fund. A free handicap for all Arabs and Mysore breeds. One mile and a half and a distance.

Colonel Leslie's Glenshaw, 8st 2lb Gooch 1
Mr. Crawford's Chieftain, 9st 7lb Colonel Beresford 0
Mr. Aga Ali Asker's Hadjee, 8st 12lb Chapman 0
Mr. Covey's Shah Alum, 7st 11lb Mr. F. J. Symonds 0

The SANDRINGHAM STEEPELCHASE, a cup value 1000 rupees, presented by H.H. the Maharajah of Jeypore in Vizagapatam, and 500 rupees from the fund. A free handicap for all horses. S.C.C. One mile and a half.

Mr. Taaffe's Artaxerxes, 11st Mr. Taaffe 1
Mr. Henry's Othello, 12st 7lb Mr. Irvine 0
Mr. Irvine's Phantom, 12st 7lb Mr. Elmhurst 0
Captain Kenney Herbert's Warwick, 11st 2lb Mr. Elmhurst 0
Captain Bullen's Red Deer, 10st 10lb Owner 0
Mr. Murray's Gay Lad, 10st 8lb Oakley 0
Mr. William Morgan's Gazelle, 10st 7lb Mr. F. J. Symonds 0
Mr. William Morgan's Red Gauntlet, 10st 7lb Thorpe 0
Mr. Murray's Prattler, 10st 6lb Captain Arnett 0

The racing needs no comment. The first event produced a very clever and exciting finish; the rest were all won pretty easily. In no case did the favourite, as evinced by the selling price of the pools, win, and a great pot was upset in the defeat of Chieftain, whose number in the pool sold the night before for 750 rupees, while Glenshaw, the winner, sold at 10 rupees only. The steeplechase was remarkable in the fact that, although the earth walls were exceedingly stiff, there was not a single fall. The crowd remained perfectly quiet during the racing, the course being kept clear the whole time. Nothing, indeed, could be better than the police arrangements. There were two bits of fun during the meeting: the one was the breaking of the bough of a tree, letting about twenty natives down to the ground, fortunately, as it went pretty gradually, without damage to any of them; the other was the performance of Mr. Apparow, the owner and rider of two of the horses. He rode in a costume which was entered upon the card as rainbow, consisting of a red turban, a blue flannel jacket, a green skirt, and yellow baggy trousers. He rode with very short stirrups, and sat well back in his saddle. His horses thus ridden had not a shadow of a chance, but they kept up so well with the others for a time that had they been ridden by good jockeys their chances would have been very good ones. As it was, he cantered in two hundred yards behind the others, sitting proudly back in the saddle, amid roars of laughter from the natives as well as the Europeans present.

HERR CARLI ZOELLER, a German composer of the "new romantic school," has set to music a lyrical melodrama, "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, in her Prison at Fotheringay," the libretto of which is written by Frederic Marc, Ph.D.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Advt.]

BOAR-HUNTING BY THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

ACCIDENT TO LORD CARINGTON.

We learn with regret that Lord Carington, one of the Prince of Wales's suite in India, met with a severe accident while engaged in a boar-hunt near Lucknow on Saturday last. A special telegram to the *Times* gives the following account of the hunt and the mishap:

"On Saturday the Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Suffield, Lord Carington, Major-General Probyn, Colonel Ellis, Captain Williams, Lord C. Beresford, Captain Sartorius, Mr. F. Knollys, and others, left Lucknow at eight a.m. for Onao Station, where carriages, drawn by artillery horses, and an escort of Bengal cavalry were waiting. After a slight delay the party mounted dromedaries and elephants in attendance, and reached the camp, five miles distant. Here they breakfasted, and, having been joined by several others, mounted horses and proceeded to beat the coarse high grass with a line of thirty elephants and cavalry extended on the flank. The party were divided into fours, placed 300 yards apart. Soon boars and sows broke cover, affording good runs, but on most dangerous ground, owing to the holes hidden by grass being up to the horses' bellies. The pigs, as Indians will call wild boars, showed great courage, fighting fiercely and charging savagely. In one run a boar 'kinked,' as it is called, turning sharp, and running right under the horse ridden by Lord Carington, which came down heavily. The boar was pursued and killed. It was found that Lord Carington's left collar-bone was broken. Fortunately, Dr. Fayer was on an elephant surveying operations, and was close at hand with appliances. The bone was set at once, and the patient, having been bandaged and placed on an elephant, was carried to a shady grove, where lunch was to have been laid out. By this time—one o'clock—several boars had been killed, some of which inflicted considerable injuries on the horses and made gallant onslaughts against the riders. There were many falls, and some had two, but none of a serious nature. The Prince, mounted on a fine English hunter, rode admirably; but the English horse has little chance with the boar in such a country, as the latter turns like a hare; and all his Royal Highness had was some very hard runs through a country which would rather puzzle foxhunters. After luncheon sport was continued. Several sportsmen got falls again, and Lord Suffield was slightly hurt with the butt of his own spear in the throat. He is now quite well." Advices have since been received by Lord Carington's family announcing that he was progressing most favourably.

WOODCOCK-SHOOTING.

BY RALPH NEVILLE.

Frost has again set in with unusual severity, and hunting of every description must of necessity for the moment be abandoned until more favourable weather sets in. Wily reynard and simple puss will for a time enjoy immunity from the persecutions of their mounted enemies. The high-spirited hunter must chafe with impatience in his comfortable box, and the sportsman's only resource is now to devote his attention to the chase to such descriptions of winged and ground game as the laws regulating their pursuit will permit him to bring to bag. In this inclement and advanced season cock-shooting, should he be favoured with an opportunity of enjoying it, is undoubtedly the most desirable description of sport, and all the more so because the destruction of the birds now within his reach will in no way affect a diminution of the next year's annual supply of their species.

Wildfowl-shooting during severe winter weather is a harassing and unhealthy pursuit. Should a severe frost continue for any length of time the birds quit their usual haunts and betake themselves to the seaside; such as remain are only to be met with at the springs, and the first discharge of a fowling-piece will at once disperse a whole flock; and, unless the sportsman chooses to expose himself to the danger of a rheumatic fever, by wading through water or remaining patiently inactive while waiting for a chance shot as the birds proceed at the fall of night to their feeding-places, or return from them at break of day to open water for protection, he has but little chance of obtaining what can scarcely, under the best of circumstances, be denominated sport.

Snipe, too, at such a time, even when they remain inland, are scarcely accessible; for then they form into flocks, termed "wisks," are only to be found at the springs, and are off in a body when the first shot is fired. While the woodcock, who enjoys shelter, almost invariably remains snugly ensconced in the thick underwood of the coverts he has chosen for his favourite place of abode; and cock-shooting has this great advantage that it is supplemented by, in almost every instance, an abundant supply of ground and other game.

Ireland, unquestionably, has always afforded and still affords the best cock-shooting to be found in the United Kingdom; and this may be attributed to the fact that, in extensive districts, the soil is more moist and boggy than in this country, and is therefore better adapted to afford the cock an ample amount of nourishment; and because the demesnes of the resident landed proprietors are generally of larger extent than those of the English ones, and afford the birds frequenting them more protection and ensure them from disturbance, which is particularly disagreeable to their sedentary and lonely habits.

The general want of timber in the country produced this advantage to the cock-shooter, as, for want of shelter elsewhere, it compelled the cock to seek it where alone it could be found; so that in severe weather the birds were to be found massed together in limited localities, where there was little labour or delay in springing and knocking them over.

The county of Cavan was at all times remarkable for the cock-shooting it afforded. Its soil is moist, and some of the large demesnes are, and always were, peculiarly attractive to this much-prized bird. Those of Farnham and Castle Hamilton, which adjoin, containing some two thousand statute acres between them, were in years past returned as indisputably superior to any other coverts; the scenery being varied and beautiful in both, interspersed, as it is, with wood and water, and furnished with a dense underwood, composed in great part of stunted holly, which yields the most prized covert to the cock. When the last Earl of Cavan resided in the former mansion and the Southwells in the latter the coverts were strictly preserved, and the "battues" given were in every respect unequalled in the sport which those participating in them enjoyed. Statesmen of mark and soldiers of distinction attended them from all parts of the kingdom. Sir Robert Peel, when Irish Secretary, and for years afterwards, never was absent; and the story goes that, when living on half-pay in the town of Trim, Wellington himself nearly lost his life by a drunken frolic when an invited visitor. There were then in every country-house what were termed "barrack-rooms," in which a number of beds were always kept ready for the accommodation of young gentlemen. All were already occupied when Captain Wellesley arrived at the residence of a friend in the neighbourhood, where he was to be put up, and

a pallet was laid down for him on the floor. The day's sport had been prime. The meeting was a joyous one. The festivities were continued till far in the night. Captain Wellesley had stolen away from the table before they were concluded and betaken himself to bed. Some of the guests who lived in the vicinity, when bidding good night in the hall, missed him, and, having discovered his whereabouts, determined on giving him a start for his recusancy. They proceeded to his room, when one of them, charging a pistol he carried with some powder, fired at the sleeping man. In his haste he neglected to take out the ramrod, which penetrated the pillow within an inch of the embryo Duke's head.

In one of the coverts in Castle Hamilton demesne stood and may still stand, a tree, which by tradition bears the designation of "Sir Ralph's Oak." Sir Ralph Hamilton, a doughty warrior, obtained a large grant of confiscated lands about the time of Elizabeth; he was passionately fond of hunting, and, as the tale goes, this oak formed the gallows on which he executed those who dared to intrude on his privacy. The estate passed into the Southwell family by marriage, and was lately bought under the Encumbered Estates Court by a mercantile gentleman of the same name, who is now Hamilton of Castle Hamilton, although in no way related to its former proprietors. His proclivities are not of a sporting character, and as the successors of Earl Farnham were, and still are, men devoted to religious pursuits, neither demesnes are preserved as they formerly were, when from twenty to thirty brace of cocks was the daily average of each gun. Cock-shooting in covert, where the timber is high, requires practice and quickness to ensure success. The birds, when well on wing, can with difficulty and mere chance ever be struck, except when crossing the opens of the cock lanes, or when quitting covert. A single grain will often bring the cock down, but it frequently happens that when a retriever or beater attempts to take him up he is off again, apparently as fresh as ever. One unaccustomed to covert shooting, when the trees are of large growth, would do well, and very probably produce a better-filled bag in the evening, if he contented himself by watching the birds who escaped from the woods, having with him a smart peasant to mark them as they pitch in the adjoining clumps of furze or hedgerows from which they can be sprung and shot without difficulty.

One reason may be assigned for the number of woodcocks to be met with in Ireland. There are but few pheasants there; indeed, until within the last few years it might be said there were none, so that the cock, who loves solitude, is seldom intruded on by a troublesome and unwelcome neighbour. When the weather is mild, woodcocks frequent the open country; they are then to be met with in the gribes and fronts of ditches, having a sunny aspect, or in rushy fields; but they are then rarely flushed, except singly, and it is only when driven into the coverts by severe frost and snow that they are killed in such numbers as would entitle the sport they afford to be designated cock-shooting. One curious but well-ascertained fact connected with this bird is that on the very spot or in the immediate vicinity of where you kill one this season you are sure to find another on the next.

It was an old but is now an exploded dogma in gastronomy that cocks and snipe should only be eaten when high. Experience has taught us that they are in best condition and fatted for the table on the very day they are killed, and before the "trail" has decayed; if not, then at latest on the sixth day after being hung in the larder. The eye of the woodcock is peculiarly beautiful; and the roughest sportsman can scarcely avoid regret when he looks upon the sweet expression of his wounded victims.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S SALE.

The following prices were realised at Albert-gate on Monday last:

BRD MARES, THE PROPERTY OF MR. GIBSON.	Mr. Tattersall 25
Moula (foaled 1859), by Touchstone, her dam by Gabbler—Snowdrop;	covered by Siderolite.
Jollity b m (foaled 1863), by Jordan—July; covered by Siderolite	Mr. Van Haubergen 57
B m by Mousley—Sybil; covered by Siderolite	Mr. Graham 28

PROPERTY OF MR. F. G. HOBSON.	
Sessay, br h, 6 yrs, by Adventurer—Timandra	Mr. J. Potter 45
THE GLASGOW STUD STALLIONS, LET FOR 1876.	
The Drake, b h, by Stockwell—Pyrhus I	Duke of Grafton 310
Rapid Rhone, br h, by Y. Melbourne, dam by Lanercost or Retriever	Lord Rendlesham 210
Brother to Rapid Rhone	Mr. Graham 80
Make Haste, by Tom Bowline—Makesshif	Mr. Chaplin 340
STALLION, THE PROPERTY OF MR. ASTLEY, LET FOR 1876.	
Atherstone, b h, by Touchstone—Lady Harriet	Mr. Stevenson 100
Carbineer, by Rifleman—Comfit	Mr. Purston 41

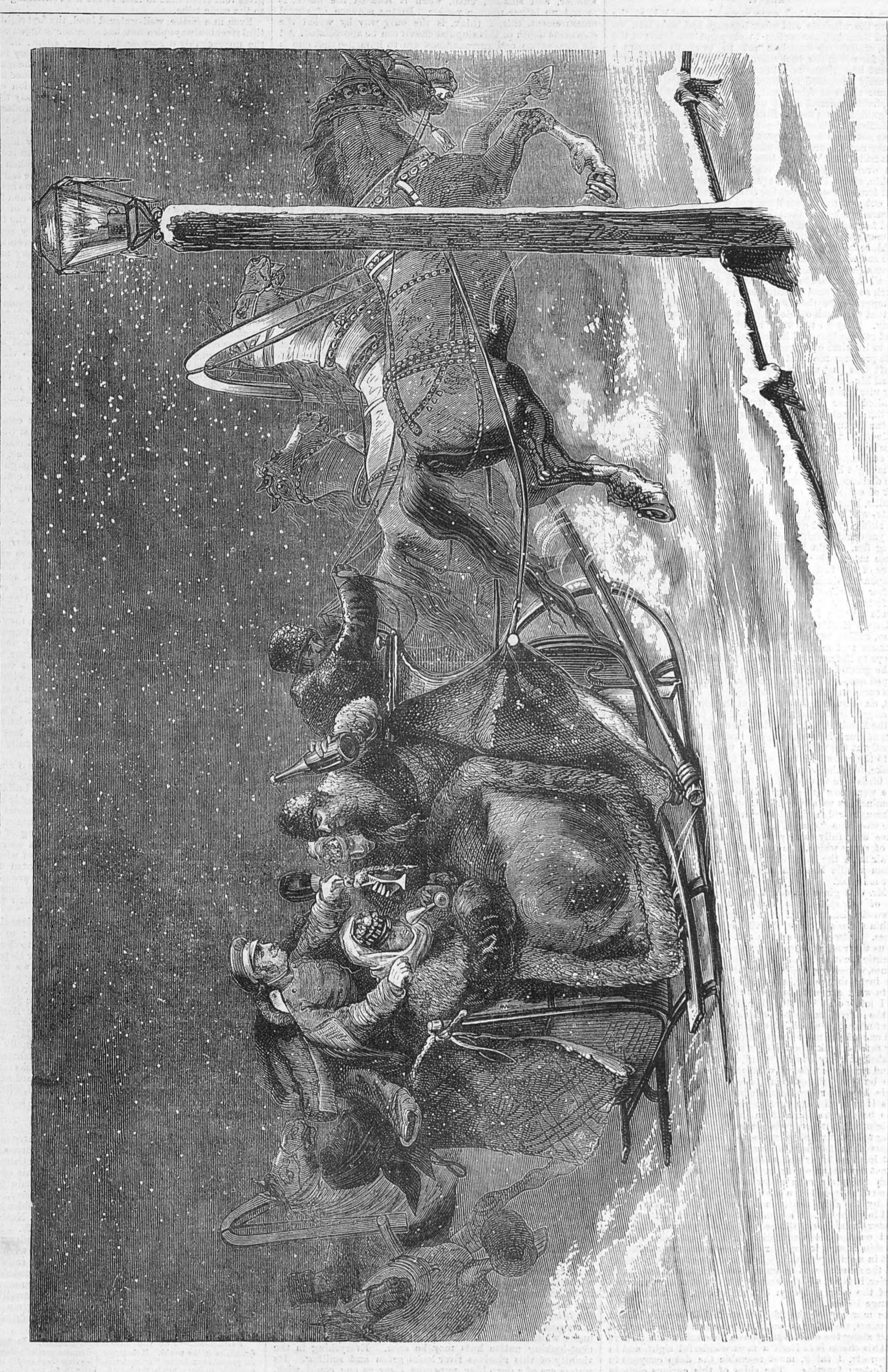
THE WORCESTERSHIRE HUNT.—A meeting of members, subscribers, and supporters of the Worcestershire Hunt was held at Worcester, on Saturday, to take measures for the appointment of a master in the room of Mr. Ames, who retires from the mastership at the close of the present season. Sir E. A. H. Lechmere presided, and there was a large attendance. A unanimous vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Ames for the manner in which he had shown sport during the three years of his mastership, and a committee was appointed with full powers to make the necessary arrangements for appointing a new master, to whom a subscription of £1500 a year was guaranteed.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—The Polo and Hunt Ball is to be held at Cheltenham on the 28th inst. The club will hold a shooting meeting on the following day. The polo meeting at Berlin is arranged to take place during the week commencing Monday, May 21, and ending 27. The following is an extract from an official communication just received from Berlin:—"His Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Germany and her Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Princess Victoria and Princess Royal of Great Britain will undertake the patronage and receive the members of the International Gun and Polo Club. A saloon carriage will be provided free of charge for the polo players from Ostend to Berlin and back, and also the carriage of their ponies and grooms from London to Berlin and back, via Hamburg. A special arrangement will be made for the accommodation of the members in one of the best hotels in Berlin, and for their personal amusement by getting them invitations to the Court, to the officers' mess, and to the club. Magnificent prizes, consisting of silver cups, specially prepared medals, &c., will be given on the occasion." As several applications have already been received from polo players, it will be necessary for those members who wish to visit Berlin on this occasion to notify the same to the secretary of the International Gun and Polo Club without delay, in order that the list of players may be made up and the programme published.

LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints and Inflammation.—Have it in your houses, and use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 11, Holborn-hill, London.—[Advt.]



ANTILLOPE-SHOOTING ON THE PRAIRIE.



A RUSSIAN SLEIGHING PARTY.

THE JOURNAL OF A HUNTER FROM TATI
TO THE ZAMBESI.

PART V.

As soon as our Kaffirs had once more all assembled at the spot where the blankets and other baggage had been left, we dispatched them in three parties to chop out the husks of the elephants, whilst we ourselves set to work to prepare a breakfast, for which the cool morning air and the excitement of the hunt had given us a keen appetite, and after having very leisurely discussed an ample and substantial meal, of which some slices of fried heart, fresh from one of the newly slain elephants, formed a not unimportant feature, we proceeded (guided by the loud cries and diabolical singing of the Kaffirs) to inspect the nearest of our three prizes, which was not more than 300 yards distant.

The huge carcass, or rather what remained of it, lay on one side, as it had fallen, with the legs extended. Behind the ribs and just over the belly the Kaffirs had peeled off a large slab of skin, about three feet square, and through the trap-door thus formed dragged out the stomach and intestines; they had also cut out the heart, liver, and lungs, so that what was left was merely a hollow shell, in the lower half of which the blood had formed a pool a foot deep. Into this cavity they and the bushmen now kept entering by twos, disappearing entirely from sight, searching eagerly for small pieces of fat along the backbone and about the kidneys, and bathing in, and smearing themselves all over with, the blood. This is a common practice amongst all the natives in the interior of Africa whenever large game, such as elephants or rhinoceros, are killed, particularly if they happen to be the first of the season. Whether they imagine that this bath of blood gives them courage or not, I cannot say. They do not wash it off again, but let it dry on them, and remain there till it gradually wears or gets rubbed off. Up to the time of our arrival on the scene there had been very little progress made at chopping out the tusks, each one having left this part of the business to his companions, and devoted all his own time and attention to securing tit-bits of fat juicy meat and roasting the same over the fire that had been kindled near at hand. Our presence, however, soon changed the aspect of affairs, and, at last, by an hour after midday, the six tusks were laid side by side, each native had his bundle of meat and fat tied up with strips of bark, and we were once more ready to resume our journey. Had there been water in our immediate vicinity we should have remained and passed the night here, but, the nearest stream being at a considerable distance, we deemed it best to push on.

A walk of some eight or ten miles through low, sparsely-wooded hills, brought us to a small river, and, it being then pretty late, we forthwith made our camp near the summit of a piece of rising ground on its further side. Of course we had an extra yarn that evening, and, seated round the cheery blaze of the log fire, fought the battle o'er again and killed our game once more. Our native followers, too, revelling in an abundance of the fattest and most esteemed portions of the three elephants, danced and sang "a qui le mieux;" and, lastly, a few prowling hyenas, having smelt out the meat that hung in festoons on all the trees around our camp, commenced to serenade us with their dismal, melancholy howls. But at length sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer," began to steal over us, so, calling to the Kaffirs to cease their wild and noisy performances and make up the fires, especially that which, with an eye to the morrow's breakfast, we had lighted over a hole in the ground containing a huge junk of elephant trunk, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and were soon oblivious of all the cares and troubles of this world.

At last, on Saturday, June 27, from the top of a high sand-belt, we caught the first distant view of the far-famed Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. Our guide had evidently taken us very much out of our direct course, for, instead of hitting off the river exactly at the falls as we ought to have done, we were now far to the eastward; but we all felt grateful to him for the mistake, for otherwise not only should we have missed the glorious birds'-eye view of the whole valley of the Zambesi, which we were now enjoying, but also should probably not have examined, as we did on the following day, the remarkable chasm through which the river runs below the falls. From where we stood the "coup-d'œil" was truly magnificent; we must have been fully twenty miles distant, but the immense volumes of spray which, like white feathery clouds, rose high into the air from the long, narrow chasm into which the river (more than a mile broad) madly plunged, seemed scarcely a couple of miles off.

With Mr. G.'s glass we could see, through the less dense portions of the spray, the broad blue river, studded with thickly-wooded islands, and even distinguish here and there the tall thin stems and graceful feathery crowns of several lofty palm-trees. Between our station and the river lay spread out beneath us the rough, ragged country of which I have before made mention, cut up in all directions by innumerable fissures and ravines, whose very inequalities, aided by the enchantment distance invariably lends, rendered it pleasant to the eye, though to walk across it is one of the most awkward bits of country I know of. On the other side of the river rose, one behind the other, range beyond range of low, well-wooded hills, the furthest of which, blending with the distant horizon, bounded one of the most beautiful panoramas that it has yet been my fate to look upon. Our bushmen and Kaffirs from the Matabele country could not understand the cloud of spray at all, and made the most naïve remarks concerning it, asserting it to be steam rising from boiling water, and then asking our guide how their people had managed to make so large a pot! As it was still early when we first sighted the falls we hoped to be able to reach them or their immediate vicinity before nightfall; but never were erring mortals more deceived, for, owing to the numberless ravines, each one deeper and more precipitous than the last, we were still when the sun went down at least eight or ten miles from the wished-for goal, though not more than one from the deep chasm at the bottom of which the river runs below the falls. That night we camped on the summit of a small round hill, and were lulled to sleep by the deep continuous roar of the most glorious waterfall in the world. Though we were only 16 deg. south of the equator the nights at this season of the year are still very cold, and on the morning following this particular one we found a thin skim of ice had formed over some water that had been left in a small pannikin. In the daytime the temperature is about the same as on a summer's day in England, but, being much drier, it is not so oppressive. This is, of course, the cold season of the year, and even by the end of August there will be a change indeed.

On the morning of the 28th we started to see the falls at close quarters, resolving to cut straight down to the river and then skirt along the edge of the chasm through which it here flows. This chasm is in itself a most wonderful sight, and in many respects, I think, must resemble the deep canyons in North-Western America. The sides of this curious cleft in the earth's surface are more than precipitous, they are overhanging, and at its bottom, at a depth of many hundred feet, the river runs in a boiling, seething torrent. I believe its depth to be much greater than either Dr. Livingstone or Mr.

Baines judged it to be; for by lying, as I did, flat on my stomach, craning my neck over the edge, and then getting a companion to roll over, not a stone, but a huge block of rock, I saw it go down, and down, and down, getting smaller, and smaller, and smaller, until, when it reached the water, it looked no larger than a pebble. In the absence of actual measurement, this, I think, is the only way by which the enormous depth of this singular chasm can be appreciated. All the dimensions and surroundings are so immense that one is liable to believe that its breadth and depth are very much less than they really are.

We now followed the course of the river, often making long detours to avoid the many precipitous gullies. On the way Mr. G. shot a waterbuck cow, bringing it down on the spot with a ball through the neck, and, as we had not yet breakfasted, we forthwith cut out the liver and, kindling a fire, soon made short work of it. As we neared the falls we found that the river ran in sharp zigzags, doubling backwards and forwards across its general course, so that by cutting from point to point we did not go over one fourth of the ground we must have done had we followed the edge of the chasm. At last, about midday, we stood on the brink of the falls themselves. How I wish I could give you some idea of their wonderful grandeur and beauty! But the task is far beyond me. Imagine a river, more than a mile broad, suddenly tumbling over a precipice 400 feet in depth, which runs in a perfectly straight line across its entire breadth; and perhaps, from these naked facts, imagination may picture in some degree how grand a sight must be that of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. The river tumbles into a narrow rent in the earth which runs right across its course. This rent, due to some convulsion of nature, is only about 100 yards in breadth, and the outlet from it, which is near the northern bank, is still narrower. Both sides of this fissure, a mile in breadth, into which the river plunges, are perfectly precipitous, so that one can walk along the edge as far as the outlet, right opposite the falls, and on the same level as the river above them. The even face of the falls is marred by two islands, both near the southern bank, one of which was named Garden Island by Dr. Livingstone; this, however, does not much matter, as, owing to the dense spray which ascends from the chasm high into the air, more than two or three hundred yards can never be seen at once. As we stood facing the falls the roar was deafening, and so dense was the spray that, except when a puff of wind blew it momentarily aside, we could see absolutely nothing. But these glimpses were magnificent. One stands, it must be understood, on the very edge of the chasm, on a level with the river above, and only separated from the cataract by the breadth of the opening (about one hundred yards), into which it falls, so that when a sudden puff of wind blows away the spray immediately in front one sees the beautiful blue river, studded with thickly-wooded, palm-bearing islands, seemingly as still and quiet as a lake, flowing tranquilly on, heedless of its coming danger, till, with a crash, it falls, in one splendid mass of fleecy, snow-white foam, into an abyss 400 ft. in depth. At whatever part one looks the rays of the sun, falling on the descending masses of foam, form a double zone of prismatic colours, of whose depth and brilliancy no one who has only seen the comparatively faint tints of an ordinary rainbow, can form any conception. Such are the Victoria Falls—one of if not the most transcendentally beautiful natural phenomena on this side of Paradise.

Mr. G., who has also seen the Falls of Niagara, considers that, taken all round, the Victoria Falls are superior in grandeur and magnificence, though in the former the volume of water is greater than in any part of the latter; but comparisons are odious, and, no doubt, each excels in different ways. Anywhere within a hundred yards of the falls the spray, of course, wets one through in no time, and near the edge it is like standing in a pond. The narrow rent which serves as the river's outlet doubles round and runs for 500 or 600 yards parallel with the chasm, and then again doubles backwards and forwards several times in a zigzag course, as before described. On the point of land thus formed the ground, from the continuous drenching of the spray, is always damp and boggy, and on it is a thick grove composed of large trees of a species unknown to me, and, in some parts, of dense underwood composed of clumps of palm-bushes and other shrubs. This damp and shady retreat forms (especially during the hot weather) a favourite resort of elephant and buffalo, besides water-buck, koodoo, impala, &c. The fresh spoor showed us that a herd of buffaloes had not long left before our arrival, and the huge footprints of elephants and hippopotami bore evidence that some of these animals had also been here very recently. Before leaving this glorious scene we went up to look at the entrance to the gorge into which the river rushes, as it emerges from the chasm of the falls, when, as we approached the edge, I, being first, perceived, not twenty yards in front of me, through the dense misty spray, a small antelope, which I took for a reed buck. It was standing browsing literally on the very brink of the awful abyss, utterly regardless of the roar of the falling masses of water, the drenching, penetrating spray (which by this time had chilled us to the very bone), and, worse than all, to the ruthless intruders upon its moist domain. A bullet from Mr. G., which broke its foreleg, was the first intimation it received of our whereabouts, and another through the shoulder settled it. After the Kaffirs had carried it beyond the reach of the spray, to skin and cut up the meat, my attention was called to it by Mr. G. calling out "Hullo! what sort of a buck is this? It isn't a reed buck—look at its tail!" And on doing so I at once saw that it was a species with which I was quite unacquainted. It was a female, about the size of a reed buck, but rather heavier in the body, and in colour a sort of foxy red, with long curly hair on the back and haunches. We at first imagined it to be a leché ewe, but on asking our Zambesi natives they pronounced it to be a poo-koo, an antelope discovered by Dr. Livingstone; they said there were very few about here, but that higher up the Zambesi on the northern bank, and on the southern bank of the Chobe, they were common; and this we afterwards found to be the case.

On at last leaving the falls, and going a little way up the river bank, we ran into a troop of buffaloes, two of which we killed, both cows; besides which W. shot a wild pig and Mr. G. a young water buck, so that we were again well supplied with meat; and our camp, festooned with the heads, skins, ribs, shoulders, and haunches of our victims, looked worthy of a hunter.

Above the falls, from the point some eighty miles distant, where it is joined by the Chobe, the Zambesi flows through low, undulating forest-clad sand ridges, which culminate here and there in abrupt rocky cliffs or stony hills. Its banks, and the islands with which its broad blue bosom is studded, are decorated with graceful, feathery palm-trees of two varieties, under which, on the northern shore, many a small cluster of neat-looking native huts may be seen. Everything in the vicinity of this glorious river looks green and smiling. Its waters are of a deep blue, pure and clear as one could wish. In the still, deep reaches at the tail of the islands, or the quiet shady coves formed by some point of land, herds of hippopotami disport themselves in almost complete security, whilst from the trees and bushes which line its banks strange birds,

scared by the approach of the intruder, wing their way to more secure retreats; and now and again may be seen the handsome white-headed fish-eagle as he soars in graceful circles high over head, or, seated on the topmost branch of some withered tree, gives vent from time to time to the loud shrieking cry peculiar to the eagle tribe.

Even in a fertile, well-watered land, the first sight of a beautiful river is always pleasant; but after our long journey through the unspeakably dreary sandy, thirsty, silent, lifeless wastes, that stretch in unbroken monotony from the very banks of the Zambesi to the far-off Limpopo, the sight of the glorious sheet of running water, and the semi-tropical luxuriance and verdure of the surrounding scenery, burst like a vision of Paradise upon our thirsty gaze. I may as well here say that we saw the River Zambesi and the Victoria Falls under the most favourable circumstances, for during the past season the rains having been unprecedentedly heavy, and not being long over, the river was still, on our arrival, excessively high, and the volume of water at the falls much greater than is usually the case, for, with the exception of where it was broken by the two islands I have before mentioned, the face of the falls presented one even, uninterrupted sheet of foam, and nowhere were the rocks to be seen that marred its regularity when Mr. Baines made his excellent and very precise drawings of it in 1862. I myself subsequently paid a second visit to the falls in the following October, at the very end of the dry season, when the river was at its lowest; and although they were still a grand sight, and at the same time the spray being very much less, a far more extended view was attainable than on my first visit, yet to my mind the effect was not to be compared to that produced by the fall of the far greater volume of water which I then saw.

During the two following days, Monday and Tuesday, we remained at our camp near the falls, making short excursions up and down the river, and ever and again returning to feast our eyes once more on the mighty cataract; and on Monday night, the moon being at its full, we went to view it by its light. Its pale, soft beams were, however, unequal to the task of piercing the dense volumes of silvery spray, on which they nevertheless imprinted a most perfect double lunar rainbow, whose soft tints rivalled in beauty the more gaudy colours of its diurnal relative.

During these two days very many natives came across in canoes from their villages on the northern bank (the southern side is here uninhabited, owing to fear of invasion by the Matabele), bringing baskets of corn, maize, beans, and ground nuts for sale. Their canoes are simply logs roughly hollowed out and rounded off at the ends, and are very cranky-looking craft; they are usually paddled by two natives, one in the bow and the other in the stern, and will not carry more than one passenger, who sits in the middle. The people inhabiting this part of the Zambesi are composed of two distinct tribes—the Amatongas, who are the indigenous population of the country, and some remnants of the once all-powerful Makololo, who, on the death of their King, Sekelelu, were scattered far and wide by the Masubia chief, Sipopo, some taking refuge amongst their former slaves, the Amatongas, some amongst the fever-haunted marshes of the Chobe, and others, again, throwing themselves on the mercy of Umzilikazi, once their most deadly enemy, by whom they were kindly received and given cattle, and land to settle on, where they still live to this day. The Amatongas may easily be distinguished from the Makololo from their custom of knocking out the front teeth of the upper jaw, either two, three, or four, which gives them a hideous appearance, though amongst themselves it must, I suppose, be considered a beauty. Besides this very distinguishing custom the Makololo are usually much lighter in colour, with handsomer, more intellectual countenances than the Amatongas, who are intensely black. They are good workers in iron, and make very neat, curiously-barbed assegais and fish spears, besides tomahawks, knives, &c., several of which we bought for beads and calico as souvenirs of our visit to the falls.

Along the banks of the river about here we found that the natives had dug a great number of pitfalls, about ten feet in depth, to entrap hippopotami, elephants, or buffaloes, which, being always placed in the pathways made by these animals, and neatly covered over with dry grass, are most difficult to detect, even when one knows there are such things about; but the unconscious traveller, ignorant of anything of the sort, is almost sure to be engulfed in one of them sooner or later. This happened to two of our party, neither of whom, luckily, was in any way hurt, after which we adopted the plan of letting one of the Kaffirs walk in front, who gave us due notice of their whereabouts, by either uncovering them with an assegai, or falling into them, an example which we were, of course, careful not to follow.

But all this time the season was fast advancing, and it behoved us to push on in search of elephants; so on Tuesday evening we held a council of war, in order to decide to what part of the country we should next direct our steps. Like the celebrated house mentioned in the Bible, we were divided amongst ourselves, W. wishing to turn back and strike through the hills eastward to the country near the river Gwai, where he and I had made a most successful hunt the preceding year, whilst I myself was bent upon following the Zambesi to the northwards, hoping to meet with a hunter's paradise in the unknown country in that direction, and Mr. G. and his brother inclined to my opinion; so it was finally settled that W. should take fourteen of our Kaffirs and bushmen, and make tracks eastwards, taking with him the tusks of the three elephants already shot, which he would forward at the earliest opportunity to the waggons at Daka; whilst I, with ten Kaffirs and two bushmen, together with the G.'s and their whole retinue, should proceed up the river.

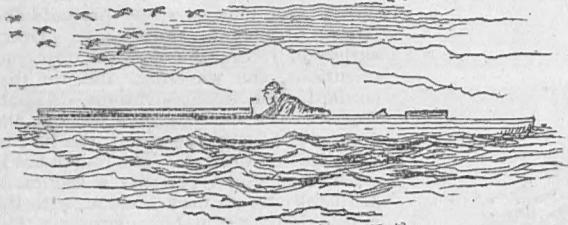
CARD-SHARPING ON FRENCH RAILWAYS.—Three men have just been tried at Tours before the Tribunal of Correctional Police for card-sharping in first-class carriages of the Orleans Railway, a mode of swindling far too general in this country to be pleasant. Frequent complaints had been made to that company by its victims. One person, a contractor, of Vouvray, named Doucet, lost by that means 1200f., besides being robbed of a travelling-bag containing 20,000f. M. Notte, a student, of Bordeaux, was also swindled out of 300f. Most of the dupes, however, preferred to keep silent in order not to expose their credulity. The system by which they were cheated was what is known as the three-card trick. The railway company in consequence set a watch, and at last succeeded in arresting the confederates now tried. They gave their names as Michel, aged thirty-six, artificial-flower maker, of Marseilles; Plantie, forty-one, a dentist, of Bordeaux; and Maugrain, thirty-one, a general dealer, of Libourne. They were condemned each to two years' imprisonment and 50f. fine.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalculæ," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London. Retailed everywhere.—[Adv't.]

Shooting Notes.

PUNT-SHOOTING.—No. III.
BY "SWAN-DROP."

With fiery burst,
The unexpected death invades the flock;
Tumbling they lie, and beat the water,
Whilst those remoter from the fatal range
Of the swift shot mount up on vig'rous wing,
And wake the sleeping echoes as they fly.



HAVING got so far with our preparations, we have very few more necessary arrangements to look after prior to taking our trial-trip. It is absolutely necessary to have two "setting-poles," each 16ft long. One of these will be carried in-board, the fore end pushed under the scantling right up to the bow as far as it will go, there securely fastening it, in case the other one in use gets broken or lost. For knocking "wounds" on the head there is nothing like a "setting-pole." We next require two short sculls to paddle with. These, when not in use, will be laid on each side of the puntman as he lies prone at the bottom of his punt. When in this position—if "setting up" to birds on deep water—the puntman will use a "paddle," or small piece of board shaped like a racket-bat, one of which must be attached to each side of the punt by a string, so that they may float alongside without fear of being lost if suddenly let go. If trying to get at birds on mud-flats, use the "crutch," which is exactly like what its name implies—i.e., a short pole about 4ft. long, with a cross-piece of wood on one end; this is held in one hand by the puntman, who, cautiously extending his arm over the side, pushes himself ahead by its means. This is horribly cold work, and progress must be necessarily slow and cautious, or the birds will be alarmed. These must also be attached to the punt by strings, as they cannot be taken in-board prior to firing. Be sure and cover the floors of gun-punts with a good thick coating of paint of the same colour as the outside, and line the bottom, prior to going out shooting, with plenty of good dry hay upon which to lie. Upon each side of the breech of the gun attached to the side of the punt, and low down, place two narrow boxes. In the one on your right-hand side carry six cartridges loaded with No. 3 shot, which is "good all round" for anything from a flock of plover to a gaggle of geese. In the one on your left-hand side carry six of Moore and Grey's wire cartridges loaded with No. 2 shot, for swans and long shots at otherwise inaccessible or extremely wild birds.

Our Illustration shows the puntman with the lever of his breech-loader up and the breech open, changing his cartridge, so as to be prepared for a slap at the flock of swans which have flown over his head, as soon as they alight. This is the great advantage of a breech-loader over a muzzle-loader in punt-shooting, one can always alter the charge at a moment's notice to suit the circumstances of the case. The cost of such a gun, fittings, &c., is £65. Towards the stern of your punt have a box or locker, in which carry a small tin pot, and a tiny paraffine lamp-stove to boil it; also have some prepared chocolate and any amount of fat ham sandwiches stowed away neatly (it is astonishing what a quantity one can get through after from seven to eight hours' exposure and hard work, with the thermometer down to freezing and snow falling at intervals!); also carry a flask of the best Cognac, though the less one takes of this the better under any circumstances, still less when exposed to severe cold. The effect of liquor on the system is exactly similar to that of "cold," therefore why assist your greatest enemy in these excursions. Before going out, either by day or night, drink as much as you can carry of hot tea: it keeps the system warm and, in case of great exertion, keeps off thirst.

THE GAME LAWS.—I notice occasionally either covert or open derision in your columns at all who differ from you concerning the desirability of the game laws. I am one of those who think like Mr. Reid, who was once a candidate for the representation of the Northern Burghs, and who said:—"I consider them to be a barbarous relic of a past age, and the source of infinite evil at the present day; perpetual heartburnings between landlord and tenant, with consequent obstruction to agricultural improvement, and ruin to innumerable labourers exposed continually to irresistible temptation to poach, and thus converted into habitual criminals on the first offence. I would therefore vote for their total abolition, and leave such a moderate quantity of game as alone ought to compete with man for food, to be protected by mutual arrangements between landlord and tenant, and by the ordinary laws of property and trespass."—AN ANTI-GAME LAW LEAGUE. [We should like to know how many pheasants or other head of game your league ever owned? People nowadays are very liberal about abolishing things in which they have never had any material interest.—ED. ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.]

HOW TO SELECT OR ORDER A GUN.—The first consideration is to ascertain the weight you can carry comfortably. Have a straight stock if you can. On putting the gun to your shoulder catch the centre of the rib with your eye quickly; if you cannot do this the gun is not crooked enough in the stock for you. This is a point of great importance in the selection of a gun, because, if you are not properly fitted and the gun is not handy, you cannot possibly make good shooting. Having satisfied yourself of the weight, length, and bend of stock which suit you, take the measure of the gun as follows—viz., from the front or right trigger to the centre of the heel-plate; lay the gun on a table and draw a straight line the whole length of the barrels along the rib to the end of the stock. Another plan is to place a straightedge along the rib, extending backwards to the heel-plate. Then measure the distance between the stock and the straightedge. A tracing of the gun will do, provided that is taken on stiff paper, and at least half the length of barrel to be included. Care must be taken to give the exact position of the right trigger.—DEAD-SHOT (Dublin).

LARGE-GRAIN VERSUS SMALL-GRAIN GUNPOWDER.—Large-grain gunpowder is not only a more effectual expedient than the fine-grain, but is much more safe to use, for by using it the risk of bursting the barrel is greatly lessened, as a very simple illustration will show. If we estimate the force generated by the usual charge of 2½ drams (I confine the question to the 14-bore gun for the sake of uniformity) to be 5000lbs, whether the powder be fine or coarse grain, it follows that the

fine powder, igniting so rapidly, will exert all its force on the breech-end of the gun; whereas the coarse powder, igniting less rapidly, distributes this force over the whole length of the barrel: hence the greater risk of a gun bursting with fine powder than with coarse. If we suppose the fine powder to be entirely ignited when it reaches half-way up the barrel, then the force of 5000lbs is exerted on the lower half of the barrel; but if the coarser grain is not entirely ignited until it reaches the muzzle, then the force of 5000lbs will be distributed over the whole length of the gun.—"Modern Breech-Loaders, Sporting and Military." By W. W. Greener.

A POACHING ALARM GUN can be made easily as follows—in fact, any tolerable mechanic ought to make it in an hour:—Get a piece of iron gas-pipe, three inches long and three-quarters bore. At the threaded end make a plug of iron a quarter of an inch thick, and tapped in the centre for a nipple. Drive this plug into the barrel and braze it. The nipple is then screwed in. Then get a corresponding piece of the gas-pipe, from two feet six inches to three feet long, also threaded at the end. Screw the collar (that always goes along with this sort of gas-pipe) on to the long piece as tight as it will go. The gun is now complete with the exception of the hammer, which is a piece of round iron about a foot long and slipping easily down the barrel. To set the gun you must tie the long barrel fast to the stem of a tree in the plantation with the short barrel downwards. Unscrew the latter and load it with a couple of charges of powder, and put on the cap, which you should cover with some beeswax and suet mixed. Then screw the short barrel into the long one. Drill a small hole through the loose piece of iron about four inches from one end, and put it in the barrel with a nail or peg in the small hole, and a string from the nail going down the side of the tree in the direction you may choose. Mind and not have the wire so low that a dog can let it off. When the wire is touched it draws the nail, and the hammer, falling down on the barrel, lets the cap off. Being fastened up in a tree and close to the stem it can catch the eye of no one, and merely has to be shifted occasionally, though, of course, there is no need to do this until after it has been fired. After all, nothing daunts poachers so much as pit-falls made in the woods. They should be about seven feet deep, and made with the sides slanting, so that the chamber is larger at the bottom than at the top. Unless boarded all round the soil will fall in. The opening should be four feet square, and be covered with sticks and sods, or anything resembling the surrounding ground. Poachers are very shy of venturing into woods where you have these pit-falls. This will assist "Experientia," who wrote about making "sham pheasants" in your last Number, in keeping his real ones to give sport for himself and his friends.—AN ARTFUL DODGER (Melton Mowbray).

"PUSS" AS A POACHER.—Apropos to "Experientia's" remarks about providing "sham pheasants" for poachers, in your last Number, let me draw attention to a poacher of another kind. Captain Darwin, in his "Game Preservers' Manual," writes as follows:—"There is no species of vermin more destructive to game than the domestic cat. People not aware of her predatory habits would never for a moment suppose that the household favourite that appears to be dozing so innocently by the fire is most probably under the influence of fatigue caused by a hard night's hunting in the plantations. How different also in her manner is a cat when at home and when detected prowling after the game! In the first of the two cases she is tame and accessible to any little attentions; in the latter she seems to know she is doing wrong, and scampers off home as hard as she can go. Luckily, there is no animal more easily taken in a trap, if common care be used in setting." Laying poisoned meat is now illegal, and the sale of arsenic to private persons interdicted by statute; nevertheless I would caution anyone against the use of that drug, as the employment of it is attended with much cruelty, as it is immediately rejected by vomiting, but not before it has laid the foundation of a violent and painful inflammation of the stomach, from which the animal suffers for weeks, but rarely dies. If it is absolutely necessary to use poison, a little carbonate of baryta mixed up with the soft roe of a red herring is the most certain and speedy that can be employed. But a good keeper should know how to trap cats and all other vermin—as polecats, stoats, &c.—and keep his preserves clear without the aid of poison. Hedgehogs are undoubtedly destructive to eggs as well as birds, and should be abolished in coverts in which pheasants are reared.—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER (Windsor).

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—The polo and hunt ball is to be held at Cheltenham on the 28th inst., and, judging from the numerous applications for vouchers, it promises to be the largest and most brilliant ever held in the town. The club will hold a shooting meeting on the following day. With reference to the polo meeting at Berlin, it is now definitely arranged to take place during the week commencing Monday, May 21, and ending the 27th. The following is an extract from an official communication just received from Berlin:—"His Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Germany, and her Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Princess Victoria and Princess Royal of Great Britain, will undertake the patronage and receive the members of the International Gun and Polo Club. A saloon carriage will be provided free of charge for the polo-players from Ostend to Berlin and back, and also the carriage of their ponies and grooms from London to Berlin and back, via Hamburg. A special arrangement will be made for the accommodation of the members in one of the best hotels in Berlin, and for their personal amusement, by getting them invitations to the Court, to the officers' mess, and to the club. Magnificent prizes, consisting of silver cups, specially prepared medals, &c., will be given on the occasion." As several applications have already been received from polo-players, it will be necessary for those members who wish to visit Berlin on this occasion to notify the same to the secretary of the International Gun and Polo Club without delay, in order that the list of players may be made up and the programme published.

PIGEON-SHOOTING is proceeding merrily abroad and at home, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The chief events decided at the international meeting at Monaco are the Prix des Grottes, for which an objet d'art was added to a sweepstakes of 50f. each, the second-best shot to receive 30 per cent. of the entries, at five pigeons each, 25 mètres. There were twenty competitors, the English division consisting of Sir William Call, Bart., Captain T. S. Starkey, Captain Malone, Captain Fane, Mr. M. D. Treherne, and Sir Frederick Johnstone, Bart. (who, it will be remembered, shot out such an exciting tie with Captain A. L. Patton last year in the Grand Prize); Baron Bower St. Clair, Signor D. Barabino, Count Jaraczowski, M. L. Damis, and Prince Fürstenberg being among the other well-known and popular sportsmen who were engaged in the affair. Although the birds were not by any means a fast lot, yet only three gentlemen killed the stipulated number—viz., Signor D. Barabino, Captain T. S. Starkey, and Captain Malone. The tie being proceeded with on the usual conditions of bird for bird, the first to retire was Captain Malone, who, although certainly favoured by fortune in one or two previous instances, was on the present occasion deserted by the fickle jade at a critical moment.

Captain Starkey was beaten by his second bird, and the gallant Italian, who proved that he had lost none of his old form, bringing down his pigeon in good style with his first barrel, was declared the winner of the cup and 1000f. Prior to this a poule d'essai was decided, which resulted in a division between Captain Malone and Baron Bower St. Clair, after shooting five each.

On Thursday 1000 of Hammond's best blue rocks arrived safely at Monaco, and are now in splendid condition. These birds will only be used for the grand concours, and for the principal event, the Prix de Casino, in which a cup, valued at 3000f, and 20,000f added, will form the prize. It is expected that there will be no fewer than eighty competitors.

The Prix de la Costabella, an objet d'art, added to a sweepstakes of 50f each; the second to receive 30 per cent. of the entries; five pigeons at 25 mètres (27½ yards), was decided, with the following results:—Baron Bower St. Clair, 1; M. Henri Wagatha, 2. The winner killed five. Twenty-seven competed.

SERIOUS POACHING AFFRAY.—On last Saturday night, about twelve o'clock, the sound of gunshots was heard in Carnfield Wood, South Normanton, the property of Vaughan Hebbes Radford, Esq. The gamekeeper and three assistants went in the direction of the wood, dividing themselves into two parties. When the assistants named Machin and Jackson got to the side of the wood a shot was fired at them, wounding Machin in the face and Jackson in the shoulder. Machin then drew back, and one of the gang of poachers came out of the wood and severely beat Jackson about the head, and then made off. The police and a doctor were at once sent for. Early on Sunday morning Superintendent Cope, with a strong staff of police, was on the spot making inquiries, and has apprehended three men.

A CHALLENGE TO CRACK SHOTS.—A gentleman will bet £600 to £500, or £300 to £250, no one can kill thirty pigeons out of fifty; to shoot on any fair ground in England, 30 yards rise, 80-yards boundary, five traps, both barrels, 1½ oz of shot. He bars neither nation, kindred, nor colour. Further particulars can be obtained of H. M., 33, Coldbath-square, or of Mr. J. Gardener, at the shooting at Winchmore-hill on Monday next. What a chance for Captain Bogardus!

A NEW RANGE-FINDER.—"A new range-finder (says the *United Service Gazette*), the invention of Lieut. Watkins, R.A., has been the subject of a series of experiments, extending over several days, at Sheerness, under the direction of the inventor and a committee of scientific officers. The centre bastion was selected as the firing-point, and a raft bearing a lattice-work target of considerable size, towed by a steam-launch, was the object to be fired at, while in motion, at various distances. This was moved rapidly in the endeavour to puzzle the gunners on the battery. Such, however, is the merit of the system that the range was always correctly found, and not a shot was fired but what would have struck a ship. The details of the plan are very properly kept secret, but it is known that the result is obtained by establishing points of observation at some distance right and left of the firing-points, and by means of electricity causing two needles upon a dial near the gun to intersect one another at angles continually varying with the movements of the object seaward as seen from each signal station. A diagram on the dial plate enables the director at any instant to tell the distance of the object, and consequently the right distance from the object." Our contemporary must have a short memory—either that, or it never was aware of the existence to a very similar "range-finder," fitted by the Austrians of their fortresses on the (now) Italian coast.

THE EX-MAYOR OF NEW YORK AS A DRAMATIST AND ACTOR.

We present our readers with a characteristic portrait of the Hon. Oakey Hall, on whose latest public appearance a New York correspondent justly remarks:—"If an ex-Lord Mayor of London should announce that he was to appear upon the stage of Drury Lane as the principal actor in an original drama written by himself, and portraying his experiences as Lord Mayor, the interest felt in the event would no doubt be sufficient to attract a vast audience. The Mayor of New York is a very poor being when compared with the Lord Mayor of London, in some respects, but still he is a personage of some position; and thus, when it was known that one of our ex-Mayors was about to become an actor, and to make his first appearance in a play written by himself, excitement prevailed. Mr. A. Oakey Hall is a lawyer of some eminence and a gentleman of literary and artistic tastes. He was made Mayor of New York by the Tammany Ring, and he is, perhaps, the only person who ever had any connection with that arch fraternity of scoundrels and who avoided complicity in their crimes. He was accused of such complicity, but his vindication was complete. His drama, which was produced for the first time on Saturday night, Dec. 18, at the Park Theatre, was designed to portray the moral experience of a former chief magistrate of New York (himself), brought under suspicion by his connection with the 'Ring.' To the surprise of many, and to the gratification of all the vast audience which filled the theatre, the ex-Mayor acted as one born to the stage, and his play was found to be full of merit. Some of the other actors and actresses did very badly, but Mr. Hall's success was complete. It is so seldom that we have an American play that you may not be unwilling to see what we make of one when we have it. But this, although an American play, has its scene laid in London. Here is the

STORY OF 'THE CRUCIBLE':—

"The play is in four acts. The first act prepares the ingredients which result in the catastrophe. The second act represents the fusing together of the ingredients, ore and alloy. The third act presents them under white heat. The fourth act shows the pure metal in the crucible. The scene opens in the banking house of Pensleigh, in London, on a foggy morning, about eight o'clock, when the office messenger, Trotty Newcomb, is asleep in a chair. Under the library table is sleeping the messenger's son Stevey, the 'Chicken,' a deaf and dumb boy, who cannot read or write. The messenger has been drugged. While he is under the influence the young wife of the banker, Mrs. Eve Pensleigh, descends the stairs from their private apartment. She has been previously married, and her former husband, a convict in Australia, is dead. In Australia he had made the acquaintance of another convict, named Phil the Scrivener, who obtained from him at his death certain letters which the wife had written, and which were evidence of disgraceful conduct on her part. She is afraid that the letters would reach her second husband, and she had therefore allowed herself to be blackmailed by the convict, who, having escaped, had assumed in London the name of Count Fabrega. Mrs. Pensleigh sees that the messenger is asleep, goes to the window, gives a signal, and presently, at a side door, admits Fabrega. Neither of them knows that the deaf

and dumb boy is asleep under the table. The boy wakes from his sleep and watches their movements. She brings the combination word of the outer lock of the safe and the keys of the drawers. This word is known only to her husband, who selects a fresh word every night. Both he and the cashier, however, have keys. The Count hands her what she supposes to be her package of letters, and she gives him the combination word and the key. He goes to the table, writes the word upon a piece of paper, and puts it in the memorandum-book of the cashier, with a view to exciting suspicion thereafter. In the safe is a special deposit of £3000, made by Silas Craft, who is coming for the deposit early in the morning. The special deposit Fabrega is after. Of course he obtains it, carefully relocks the safe, restores the key to the woman, and hurriedly retires, she discovering just as he goes that the letters are not those which she desires, and he announcing in an aside that the true letters were unfortunately dropped by him in a recent flight from the police, who are in search of him. Immediately upon their departure the boy starts up, runs over to his father, shakes and wakes him, and, being a master of pantomime, endeavours, but in vain, to describe to his father all that has occurred. Silas Craft soon comes in after his deposit. There is enmity between him and the cashier, because Craft once had the impudence to fall in love with the cashier's sister. The banker is called from his sleep to help to open the safe, as he alone knows the word. He is an irascible old fellow, who dislikes being waked from his sleep, but comes and assists in opening the safe. He is about returning to his room when the cashier, opening the box where the special deposits were kept, finds the attorney's money gone. Craft artfully fastens suspicion upon the cashier, the banker falls in with his views, as he finds himself responsible for the loss, and sends for a neighbouring detective, John Linkford. The cashier finds himself accused of the theft.

"While all this is going on preparations are making at the villa of the cashier, on the Thames, for the betrothal fête of his sister, and the second act opens with an outdoor scene, painted by Matt Morgan, with London in the distance. Clemency Newcomb, the maid of the family, is preparing early luncheon, in company with Timothy Taffey, a neighbouring confectioner and pastry-cook, an Irishman with a Welsh name. A dialogue ensues between them, during which Taffey announces the important fact that for the first time in his life he has been summoned as a juror at the Old Bailey. The train which should bring the cashier does not bring him, whereupon his sister and her lover go down to the station to inquire about him. In the meanwhile Craft enters unperceived, goes to the cashier's room, and, knowing that he has a large deposit in the bank, affects to hide it in a neighbouring tree. Taffey Newcomb and Stevey, the father and brother of Clemency Newcomb, come in also to take part in the holiday. Stevey endeavours to tell his sister by pantomime what occurred in the banking-house, and the old man stops him, thinking he is about to disclose his want of watchfulness. The detective comes in, who happens to be the lover of Clemency, to fulfil his duty of looking for evidences of motive to steal. Presently, the cashier arrives from London, having been bailed by a magistrate, accompanied by his sister and her lover. Immediately on seeing him the deaf and dumb boy begins a pantomime, describing the cashier as the man who committed the robbery. The cashier is, of course, dumbfounded, as is the sister. The lover, whose father has hitherto refused to consent to the marriage of his son on account of the inferior social position of the young lady's family, for a moment seems to repent his bargain. The scene closes with the young man declaring his troth. But the cashier is rearrested, in consequence of the new and stronger evidence furnished by the deaf and dumb boy.

"The third act is divided into four scenes. The first and third scenes



HERR GUNG'L, THE FAMOUS WALTZ COMPOSER.

represent a corridor in the Old Bailey. In this corridor the tipstaves are clearing the passages, as it is about the time for the trial of the cashier. The second scene is a tableau representing the trial proceeding. It is painted by Matt Morgan; but remains only a few minutes. Taffey has been chosen foreman of the jury; and when eleven jurors

on the gaoler has called the cashier and offered him the opportunity of escape. For the moment the cashier is tempted; he will go to Southampton and Paris, lose himself in the labyrinths of the Continent, and enjoy the remainder of his life with his sister and her husband. But the thought instantly flashes over him, 'I might break faith with the law, but shall I not

keep faith with myself?' Whereupon he returns the key. The assistant-warden then tells the suffering prisoner he was only humbugging him and testing him. The convict denounces him and goes off. The detective re-enters with the woman, who confesses the whole thing. They both go to the Home Office, her affidavit is made, and the detective, in company with Lieutenant Frank, returns to the prison with a paper of release.

"In the meantime the Count, hearing that the woman had gone to the prison, has proceeded there to reconnoitre. At this juncture two persons were searching for him; the detectives wanting him as an escaped convict, under the name of Phil the Scrivener, and Taffey, the foreman of the jury, looking for the talesman who had given a false name and address. Taffey and the detective meet in the prison; the Count is recognised by the gaoler as Phil the Scrivener and attempts to escape; he succeeds in overpowering the guard and taking away his musket, and is about to take to the river, when a boat comes up under the prison landing, out of which jumps Lieutenant Frank, who shoots the Count in the arm, and he is brought back. Craft has in the meantime also returned to the prison to watch events, and sought refuge in a sentry-box, from which hiding-place he is pulled out, whereupon Craft begins to denounce the Count, and the Count to denounce Craft. Both are arrested, handcuffed together, and taken off at the same moment that the cashier, possessed of the release, enters with his sister and her naval lover, and the curtain falls upon a restoration of honour. The crucible has broken, and the character of Kierton flows forth purified and tested gold."



MR. OAKLEY HALL, EX-MAYOR OF NEW YORK, ACTOR, AND DRAMATIC AUTHOR.